McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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FAIR & RACES SUCCESSFULLY TERMINATED.

Weather was Perfect and Attendance Beyond Expectations.

THURSDAY WAS THE BANNER DAY.

Friday Drew a Large Crowd—Fusion Candidates Spoke on Thursday. Racing was Good Thursday and Friday.

The second annual McKean County Fair and Races ended last Friday and it was a great success generally speaking. It was largely attended and everyone went away satisfied. In a financial way it was also a success for the receipts are considerably in excess of the expenses. Just how much is not yet known but it is sure to amount to a fair percentage on the investment. It is true that there were not quite as many exhibits of farm produce as was expected owing to the fact that the fair was held a trifle early, and the number of horses entered for the races was not as large as should be, but nevertheless the people were well entertained and got value received for their money.

Thursday, Bradford day, was the banner day for a crowd and there were fully 7,000 people on the grounds in the afternoon. It was called Bradford day and Bradford was well represented but not any better represented according to size than Mr. Jewett, Port Allegany, Eldred, or in fact most any town or hamlet in the county. Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford; Jeremiah S. Black of York, and Hon. W. T. Creasy of Catawissa, Lincoln-Democrat candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Auditor General, respectively, were present and at 1 p. m. addressed the vast crowd from the grand stand. These speeches lasted an hour and at 2 o'clock the racing began.

Thursday's races were won in straight heats with the exception of the running race which was taken in a spirited contest by Severe after Gladys McConnell had won the first heat. The score follows:

The first race was the 2:30 trot. Purse $800. The record:

Obi, J. A. Dusenbury, Portville, N. Y	1	1	1
Sister R., Wm. Cobb, Spring Mills, N. Y.	2	2	2
Oaricon, R. H. Grimes, Franklinville, N. Y.	3	3	3

Time: 2:32¼, 2:25½, 2:33¼.

The 2:20 pace, purse $800, closed in the following order:

Kitty Knox, John Powers, Elmira, N. Y.	1	1	1
Tom Flood, Wm. Lockery, Coudersport, Pa.	2	2	3
Brooklet Chimes, E. D. Gulick, Watkins, N. Y.	3	3	2
Louise K., Wm. Cobb, Spring Mills, N. Y.	4	4	4

Time: 2:10¾, 2:10¼.

The ½ mile running race, purse $150, was as follows:

Severe, H. Clark, Niagara Falls, N. Y.	2	1	1
Gladys McConnell, O. A. Crandall, Buffalo, N. Y.	1	2	2
Girl From Dixie, Lem Nixon, Oil City	3	3	
Program, Pearl Ferguson, Fort Erie, Ont.	4	4	
Tommy Tucker, Geo. Weaver, Bradford	5	5	

Time: 1:08, 1:05, 1:08.

The Gentleman's Road Race, purse $50, resulted as follows:

Robert Henry, James McGowan Smethport	1	1
Andrea, John Healy, Kane	2	2
Bay Simmon, L. L. Watson, Bradford	3	4
Eximus, Thos. Kerwin, Duke Centre	4	3

Bay Simmons and Eximus were tied for third place and third money was divided between them.

Friday usually brings a small attendance at fairs but it was not the case here, although there was no such a crowd as on Thursday, there were at least 3,000 people on the grounds and everybody had a good time.

The parade of handsome turnouts and prize horses and cattle was a very pleasing feature of this day. Headed by the Eldred Citizens band the parade marched nearly around the track and showed that there was a good deal of first class stock on exhibition.

The races were good, considering the fact that there were not many entries. Wm. Cobb's Ausberg won the 2:18 trot in straight heats and R. W. Hilton's Honest Dan won the free-for-all in straight heats. The running race was won by Gladys McConnell, she taking the first and third heats.

2:18 TROT. PURSE $800.

Ausberg, Wm. Cobb, Spring Mills, N. Y.	1	1	1
Myra B., Wm. Cobb, Spring Mills, N. Y.	2	2	2
Major R., E. Neasmith, Castile, N. Y.	3	3	3

Time: 2:27, 2:29, 2:30.

FREE-FOR-ALL. PURSE $300.

Honest Dan, R. W. Hilton, Smethport	1	1	1
Brooklet Chimes, E. D. Gulick, Watkins, N. Y.	3	2	2
Joe Wilkes, Wm. Cobb, Spring Mills, N. Y.	4	3	3
Jack H., E. Breese, Elm Valley, N. Y	3	4	4

Time: 2:30, 2:18¾, 2:15¼.

RUNNING RACE. PURSE $100.

Gladys McConnell, O. A. Crandall, N. Y.	1	2	1
Program, Pearl Ferguson, Fort Erie	2	1	2
Severe, H. Clark, Niagara Falls Ont.	3	3	
Miss Gunn, Otto Dale, Oil City Pa.	4	4	

Best time: :51.

Mr. and Mrs. Shedman had as fine a troupe of trained dogs as were ever exhibited in this place and Ponco and Leo were clever acrobats. These vaudeville stunts were greatly appreciated by the spectators.

We do not attempt to give the list of prize winners this week because the books of the secretaries are not completed so that we can get a full list. This list will be published as soon as possible.

Smethport Water Famine.

During the present week Smethport has been experiencing the first water famine in the history of this place. The two reservoirs which supply this place have been entirely exhausted and there is not enough water coming in them to fill the pipes. What water we have is so stale and dirty that it is unfit to drink or use for cooking purposes and people are patronizing the wells and springs in the vicinity.

There is still enough pressure on the water line so that probably a small blaze could be extinguished, and to guard against a big fire the borough authorities have eight fire police patrolling the town—four on duty at night and four during the day. It has not rained here since a week ago last Monday and as the street sprinkler depends on the water company for its water the dust is almost unbearable.

On Tuesday a shower fell above the reservoir which filled it up some and since there is but little of the water being used it is understood that the reservoir is gradually filling up but it is still unfit for domestic use, and there is not enough to last any length of time in case of fire.

Unless we get a heavy rain in a few days the situation here will be alarming for the springs and wells will soon be exhausted at the present rate.

This condition of affairs should be a warning to the water company and they should make preparations so that another famine like this will never occur. The water company earns big dividends and therefore can well afford to give its patrons the best of service.

County Sunday School Convention.

The annual meeting of the McKean County Sunday School Association was held in the Methodist Episcopal church of this place Monday afternoon and evening and Tuesday.

This Association is interdenominational and delegates were present from various Sunday schools of Bradford, Kane, Port Allegany, Colemanville and Mt. Jewett.

The program consisted of able papers on nearly all phases of the Bible school work, and interesting discussions were participated in by all presents. One interesting and helpful feature of the convention were the addresses of Rev. Chas. F. Irwin, Bellevue, Pa., a State S. S. worker.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. H. Dennis, Bradford; Vice President, D. H. Miller, Kane; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Bowen, Bradford; Treasurer, A. B. Cody, Bradford; Supt. Home Dept., Mrs. A. E. Foster Smethport; Supt. Normal Dept., Rev. W. H. Mentzer, Port Allegany; Executive Committee, W. A. Andorfer, W. J. Day, D. H. Miller, Mrs. W. H. Bowen.

W. H. Dennis, Bradford, was elected as delegate to the Pennsylvania State Convention of Sunday School Workers to be held at Gettysburg, Oct. 10th and 11th, 1907.

The convention adjourned to meet at Kane next year.

The Harvard Girl.

A very choice offering to the amusement seekers of Smethport is the new college musical frolic, "The Harvard Girl." Much that is wholesome in the comedy field has been packed into two hours and a half of invigorating fun centering about the actions of some of the cleverest of comedians and comediennes. The action of the play is fast and genuinely funny, never degenerating into horse play. It is a laughable success, as gingery and effervescent as wine of ten years vintage. A good dose for all dyspeptics, misanthropes, melancholics and others for whom the medicine of wit should be prescribed. Interpolated, not obtruded are high-class specialties, catchy musical numbers and bits of comic extravagance. The chorus girls are tuneful and pleasing. There has been no expense spared to make this one of the leading musical comedies in America. At the Lyceum on Wednesday, Sept. 19.

For Sale.

Forty acres nice, smooth meadow. Inquire, John Harrington, R. F. D. No. 4, Smethport, Pa.

C. V. MERRICK IS DEAD.

The End Came Early Tuesday Morning—Funeral Thursday Afternoon.

Yesterday's Bradford Era says:

Clinton Victor Merrick died at his home, No. 110 Congress street, Tuesday morning at 4:15 o'clock, after an illness of four weeks.

Mr. Merrick, prior to that time enjoyed good health and was an active man of affairs. He was identified with the oil business in the Illinois field and went to that region early in August to look after his interests. The weather was intensely warm there at that time and Mr. Merrick became ill, heat exhaustion being the cause of the trouble. An attack of paralysis followed and as soon as possible the patient was brought to his home in this city. For a period he seemed to be improving, but last week there was a recurrence of the attack and thereafter no hopes were entertained as to his recovery.

Mr. Merrick was aged 58 years and had been a resident of this city for nearly 20 years. For about 15 years he was superintendent of the Bradford division of the Erie railway and while serving in that capacity, in his dealings with the public and the employes of the road, he became widely known and universally esteemed. He resigned as superintendent a few years ago to engage in other business. He was an oil producer and was connected also with other enterprises; and was a public-spirited citizen who always took an active part in the affairs of the community. He was, for a time, a member of the city councils of Bradford and his work in the local legislature was of a character always deserving of public commendation. He was identified with the Board of Trade and ably assisted in its work. Mr. Merrick paid but little attention to politics, yet, by a popular movement, in recognition of his merits as a capable man for the place, the Republicans of McKean county nominated him at their last primaries for the office of assemblyman. The Lincoln party also nominated him for the same place. In November next he would have been elected to the position by a large vote, but death intervenes and his career is suddenly terminated, at a time when the rewards of a most exemplary life were being beautifully bestowed upon him.

A man of quiet, unostentatious ways, honest in all things, amiable, honorable, helpful, he was in every regard a person to be respected by all classes—and that he was so respected is well known.

The deceased was a native of Canton, Pa., and he graduated from the State Normal school at Mansfield, Pa., in '71. He taught school for a period and then entered the service of the Erie Railway Co. at Addison, N. Y. He held clerical positions in different offices of the road and was train dispatcher at Elmira in the division superintendent's office, when he was promoted to the position of superintendent of the Bradford division of the same line. He was an expert in railroad matters and his fair, considerate treatment of men who worked under his direction is often referred to by railroad men.

The deceased is survived by his widow, one son, Willing Merrick of this city; his aged mother who lives at Wellsboro, Pa., and two sisters, Mrs. H. L. Smith of Hornell, N. Y., and Mrs. A. R. Horton of Wellsboro.

The funeral services will be conducted at the family residence to-morrow at 4 p. m., Rev. W. H. Bieber, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, officiating. The burial will be at Oak Hill.

The remains will lie in state at the Merrick home this evening from 7 to 9 o'clock, in order that railroad friends and others who will be unable to attend the funeral services may see for the last time the face of the man they so highly esteemed.

Stabs an Acquaintance.

On Monday morning while awaiting the train at the Pennsylvania depot a peculiar incident occurred. Samuel Ellis of Wellsville, N. Y., was leaning against the wall with a knife cutting his nails when William Cross of the same place and an acquaintance of Ellis came up to him saying. "Let me clean my nails," and on taking the knife sank the blade into Ellis' left breast.

Cross was taken to the lockup by an officer and Dr. Larson dressed Ellis' wound, which will not prove fatal. It was found that the knife had struck a rib and glanced downward about two inches and did not enter the vital cavity.

Cross was taken before 'Squire Gillis where he was fined $15.00 and costs, which amounted to $5.90.

No idea can be ventured as to what prompted the act as Ellis claims there had been no ill feeling between the two. —Kane Leader.

Notice to Water Consumers.

At a meeting of the Board of Health last evening it was decided to request all consumers of the city water to boil the same before using it for drinking or similar purposes. This is the safe way to prevent a possible epidemic of typhoid.

JOHN CLARE, M. D.
Secretary.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Some Soup House History.

Our esteemed Water street cotemporary exhibited some agitation in the last week's issue because we recalled the days of soup houses which were so extensively scattered over the country during the latter part of President Cleveland's second term. It pretends to attribute that condition of affairs if one existed, to a legacy left over from the Harrison administration, in a brief issue which it contemplated if President Harrison had been re-elected but was subsequently carried out by the Cleveland administration, owing to the necessities of the country. The ridiculousness of that argument will suggest itself to any sensible man when he recalls the fact that there has probably not an administration of the National government existed, from Washington to Roosevelt, during which more or less bonds have not been issued. At times the cause for their issue has been to relieve a stringency in the money market or at other times to carry on some great public improvement authorized by Congress and for other purposes. In other words the object of a bond issue is for relief in some direction but never to oppress. The Democrat asserts that President Harrison contemplated a bond issue and would have carried out that purpose had he been re-elected. Before his death he denied the truth of that statement. But supposing it was true what had that to do with the condition of the country a year or two after Cleveland was inaugurated President in 1893? The four years that Gen. Harrison was President were four years of unprecedented prosperity in this country. The four years following were the gloomiest in a business point of view this country had experienced since 1860.

The election in 1892 of Grover Cleveland backed by a Democratic Congress was notice to the country that a low tariff if not absolute free trade was to be the financial policy of the ruling powers. The Wilson-Gorman tariff bill was not finally passed until 1894 but business began to decline immediately after the election in '92. There was certain to be a reduction in the duties on imports but to what extent no man could tell. The President-elect, as well as every man of that party who had been elected to a seat in Congress, had advocated tariff smashing. The result of the position they had taken led manufacturers to curtail their production for they were in the dark as to what might overtake their business operations. This curtailment threw out of employment thousands upon thousands of employees scattered over the country. Agriculturists and all other classes of producers were seriously affected because their home market was to a great degree destroyed. Some figures showing how the business of the country was affected during these four years by this low-tariff legislation might be of interest to our Water street cotemporary. Bank clearings, which is the great barometer of business conditions in this country, fell from 61 billions of dollars in 1892 to 52 billions in 1896. Money in circulation fell from 1601 million dollars in 1892 to 1506 millions in 1896. The export of agricultural products fell from 798 millions in 1892 to 570 millions in 1896. The effect upon all industries was strongly marked as well as the value of animals on farms and everything relating to the production of iron.

It was during these four years, particularly in 1894 and 1895 that soup-houses, which our esteemed cotemporary refers to as balderdash, were the resorts of the poor and even well-to-do people in Republican times, in many of our large cities. Such a thing as people going to those houses of charity for something to sustain life had never been seen before or since in the memory of the present generation. Next week we will have something to say about the cost of living at present compared with Cleveland times.

"Si Stebbins" at the Savoy.

"Si Stebbins," a well known play, showed at the Savoy Theatre last night before a good sized audience. Dan Darleigh who for ten years has played the title role of a "rube" without a line of paint and only a white wig for a stage make-up and who is a Yankee of ability, gave a good presentation of the man who goes to the city "gets done up" and goes home again, and kept the audience in an uproar with his clever character impersonation, which is a natural bit of art and acting. It caught the fancy of the audience and kept it through the acts of the play. Mr. Darleigh is one of the most capable actors in this kind of character since the days of Denman Thompson of "Old Homestead" fame, and there will be regret when he lays the play aside. The specialties which were presented between the acts were also well received.—Atlantic Review, Atlantic City, N. J. This attraction will appear at the Lyceum in this place on Saturday, Sept. 15th, giving at 2:30 for ladies and children at 10 and 20 cents. Night prices 25, 35 and 50 cents, no higher. Secure seats in advance at Wells' drug store.

Subscribe for the Miner.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

J. K. Graham, a gentleman well known to all readers of the MINER, died at Bradford Wednesday morning, Oct. 11, 1883. The manner of his death and the attending circumstances are sad in the extreme, combining to make it one of the saddest stories it has been our duty to relate in a long time. The facts of this sudden ending of what might have been a brilliant and useful life are as follows:

For some months he has been employed as the city editor of the Bradford Sunday Mail, at the same time continuing his position as Bradford correspondent of the MINER. He has for many years been a victim of an uncontrollable appetite for liquor which led him to occasional indulgence in heavy drinking. Last week he had been drinking very freely, so that he was unfit for the performance of his regular duties. While in that condition he sent for Miss Mettie Lyman, of this place, a young lady upon whom he had bestowed marked attention during his recent residence here, and on Friday evening they were married by Recorder Shaw. His first wife had been divorced from him several months. Tuesday morning his newly wedded wife came to Smethport to see her parents and make preparations for entering upon the duties of married life. She returned on the evening train, which owing to delays on the road did not reach Bradford until one o'clock Wednesday morning. She found Graham in a delirious condition, and calling upon Dr. Cox she procured an opiate to relieve his shattered nerves. The prescription contained two drachms of chloral hydrate and two grains of morphine in a two-ounce mixture with instructions to give a teaspoonful every hour until relieved. Doses were given at 5 and 6 a. m. when his wife being very much exhausted, at the request of the sufferer went to sleep. While she was sleeping he swallowed two-thirds of the contents of the bottle, and when she awoke at 7 she could not arouse him and at once summoned the physicians. The usual remedies in case of narcotic poisoning were promptly applied, and although Drs. Cox, Nichols and Dorn labored incessantly all day he continued insensible, and at two o'clock Wednesday morning he died. He was unconscious from the first. His divorced wife and child, a bright little girl of nine or ten years of age, visited him and were deeply affected.

Joseph Kerr Graham was about forty years of age. He was born in Butler county, where his father still resides, one of the most respected citizens of the county and at one time a member of the legislature from that county. J. K. enlisted during the first year of the war of the rebellion when a mere boy, and served until the close. Soon after the close of the war he went to Indiana, where he studied law, was admitted to the bar and practised his profession for some time. Returning to Pennsylvania, he came to Bradford in 1877 and took the position of city editor of the daily Era, then owned by C. F. Persons. He was one of the first of the staff of reporters of the evening Star, and the caustic and brilliant effusions of his pencil have been read in the columns of nearly every paper in Bradford city or the county. A year ago last September his services were engaged as local editor of the MINER, which position he held, with the exception of a brief interval, until the first of last August, when he took the position of city editor of the Bradford Sunday Mail, retaining at the same time the position of correspondent of the MINER. His work on this paper, as well as on all others, was always first-class. He had great natural abilities and a wonderful adaptation for the duties of a reporter and general newspaper writer. He was remarkable for independence of thought and mind, and was radical and positive in his views. There was nothing politic or secretive in his nature; he was blunt and outspoken, and too often cared too little whether the expression of his views was pleasing or not to other people. Thus he made many enemies among the narrow-minded, vindictive and uncharitable. He fell a victim of his own weakness and misfortune, and he who would not condemn him must be hard hearted, indeed. Humanity is weak at the best, and no human eye could see how he may have been tempted or what anguish of mind he may have suffered in view of the apparent wreck of the ambitions and hopes of a life.

Mr. Graham will be buried in North Washington, Butler county, by the side of his mother. He was formerly a member of the Bradford G. A. R., and latterly a member of the Smethport Post, but had recently taken his discharge from this Post. The remains will be buried under the auspices of that order.

At a called meeting of the members of the city press of Bradford last evening, it was resolved to send a suitable floral offering, and that the following committee attend the funeral and accompany the remains as far as Salamanca: Guy Fuller of the Star, A. J. Carr of the Mail, P. H. Linderman of the Era, and G. H. Leader of the Sunday News.

Caught in a Fly Wheel

Last night's Bradford Era says: Chase Weaver at Knapp Creek met with a very serious accident while working on a lease about one mile south of Knapp to-day morning. He commenced work at 7 o'clock and less than an hour later was found by James Fitzgerald in a badly battered and broken state, in the belt house of an oil rig. Weaver was engaged in inserting a key in the post which supported the band wheel and was working while the engine was in motion. While thus engaged his coat was caught by a set screw in a ring and he was pulled around the shaft between the band wheel and the jackpost that supports it on the crank side of the shaft. There is about 14 inches of room between the wheel and the jackpost and in this narrow space the unfortunate workman was pulled time after time. When found the soles and heels of his heavy driller's boots had been torn off, his trousers were torn in places, his shirt had been whipped from his body, his shoulders and one arm was scraped until they looked like a beef steak. A bad cut on his nose was the only wound on his head. His left forearm was broken, right upper arm broken, left thigh badly injured, left foot badly broken, left groin injured, left hand badly lacerated and there were bruises, cuts and lacerations all over his body.

With all these injuries the young man was conscious when found. Still's ambulance was summoned and went as near as possible to the scene of the accident. The ambulance attendants and Mr. Fitzgerald carried the injured man across a large field to the ambulance, and he uttered no word of pain or complain. He asked only for a drink of water. He was hurried to the Bradford hospital where he was given an anaesthetic and Drs. Hogan and Ash went to work to reduce the fracture and to repair the damages done to the unfortunate young man's person.

Notwithstanding the terrible ordeal and the extensive injuries he may live.

Berney-Bond Bottle Factory Burned.

Monday's Bradford Era says:

The main factory building of the Berney-Bond Glass Co., located at the foot of Sherman street, was totally destroyed by fire between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning, entailing a loss to the company of about $25,000 which was partly covered by insurance.

The fire followed the breaking of the glass tank. The hot, molten glass immediately set the building on fire and in a comparatively few minutes the entire structure was in flames. A general alarm was sent in and the entire fire department responded promptly. The flames communicated to one end of a large storehouse nearby and the firemen did excellent work in saving it.

The loss of stock will be comparatively small as blowing had been in progress but five days.

Between the main building and the larger storehouse were a great many cases of finished bottles, some of which were destroyed. The firemen saved the finished work stored in the yard. A box car standing at the end of the main building started to burn and was pulled away by a force of railroad men.

The plant had been operated by the present management for about six years. It was purchased from Mr. M. A. DeGolia, who had operated it for two or three years before selling to the Berney-Bond Co.

Sixty-five hands are thrown out of employment.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending September 8, 1906:

Harold Anderson, Miss Minnie Covely, Miss Lizzie Griffin, Albert Johnson, Will Keeley, Antonio Sopaglia.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Prof. Hyde Coming.

Take care of your eyes, they are priceless. Prof Hyde will be at the Grand Central Hotel, room B, Smethport, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 14 and 15, and make a free examination of the eyes. Prof. Hyde has all of the latest appliances for examining the eyes. Eye sight restored and headache cured by the proper adjustment of lenses, and all work guaranteed. Prof. H. P. Hyde who has headquarters in Bradford will make regular visits to Smethport, Pa.

Excursion to Buffalo and Niagara.

The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry. will run another low rate excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls on Sunday, Sept. 23rd. Special train will leave Mt. Jewett at 8:50 a. m. and returning, leave Niagara Falls 7:00 p. m. and Buffalo 8:00 p. m. The round trip fare will be only $1.50 and tickets will also be good returning from Buffalo on any regular train Monday, Sept. 24th.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. JONES,
Smethport, Pa.

The Kane County Times

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.00 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.50 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 13, 1906

Republican Ticket.

STATE

For Governor,
EDWIN S. STUART
of Philadelphia

For Lieut. Governor,
ROBERT S. MURPHY
of Cumberland county

For Auditor General,
ROBERT K. YOUNG,

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
HENRY HOUCK,
of Lebanon.

For Congress,
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Tioga county.

COUNTY

For Members of Assembly
JAS. A. McKEAN
of Smethport.
C. V. MERRICK,
of Bradford.

For Jury Commissioner,
A. M. MARSH,
of Bradford.

AT the State elections in Maine on Monday the whole Republican ticket was elected but by reduced pluralities, caused by a hard fight put up by the whiskey men and certain factions of the labor unions.

EDWIN S. STUART is recognized by all parties as one of the strongest candidates nominated by the Republicans of Pennsylvania in a great many years. He is a clean, capable man and his platform is one to which no fair-minded Pennsylvanian can take reasonable exceptions.

DID you ever hear of Senator Emery attacking the beef trust, coal trust, sugar trust, steel trust or ice trust? Oh dear, no! None of these are his business competitors and no other railroad but the Pennsylvania comes in for any of his abuse and criticism, because he does the bulk of his shipping over that line. And he claims to be prompted only by pure motives for reform and the people's good.—Bradford Star.

THE death of C. V. Merrick, one of the Republican candidates for Member of the Assembly, makes a vacancy on the ticket which should be filled as early as possible. R. P. Habgood was the next high man in the fight for the nomination and therefore will probably be tendered the nomination by the Republican county committee. Mr. Habgood is an able and popular man and if placed on the ticket will be elected by a large plurality.

THE fusionist candidates who spoke at the fair last Thursday did not make much of a hit generally. They did not make a very favorable impression with some of the fair association managers because they rung in Jere S. Black who was not invited and used up an hour with their speeches when they were only expected to make short addresses. Mr. Black, who did most of the talking, so thoroughly tired the large crowd with his long harangue that he lost votes for himself and his colleagues instead of gaining them.

THE fire insurance companies have increased their rates 25 per cent, presumably to make good their losses in San Francisco and yet their losses have had no material effect on the value of their securities. Some of these stocks, with a few marked exceptions, are still earning [illegible] The only way to give them [illegible] is to raise the price of fire insurance [illegible] times their present value. The companies [illegible] every dollar of [illegible] and will [illegible] in the [illegible] losses [illegible] on [illegible] The fact that [illegible] powerless to protect themselves from such robbery makes the insurance trust the worst trust doing business today and the government should lose no time in investigating and regulating them.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 8, 1906.

Secretary Shaw this week administered a jolt to the stock market. He issued a notice to all the depository banks of the country that they would not be allowed to loan government funds on call. This is a rather serious pronouncement coming from such a source and at such a time. As a matter of fact there has been a campaign started for a great bull market in New York. Secretary Shaw recently made a market, and a very profitable market too, for his Panama Canal bonds, by calling in and redistributing a large amount of money in the depository banks. Now that the bull campaign is on, Wall street is feeling the need of ready funds and call money for speculative purposes has reached an exhorbitant figure, tempting many of the depository banks to make use of the money in their possession and reap the large interest that it now commands. Secretary Shaw's call down on the banks was as follows:

"I am advised that many banks scattered through the country are loaning their surplus funds through brokers and others in New York on call of high rates of interest.

"Money loaned on call is well nigh universally used for speculative purposes.

"I recognize the right of any individual to speculate in stocks and the legal right of any bank to loan money at appropriate rates of interest at home or abroad on ample security even with the knowledge that it is being used for speculative purposes.

"I am not willing, however, that government money shall be enticed away from the locality where it has been deposited to be used in this way.

"Public deposits are made in aid of legitimate business as distinguished from the speculation whatever its nature.

"If you have more money than your community can appropriately absorb, please return it to the treasury for it can be promptly placed where it will do much good."

This announcement had a severe effect on the market and call money promptly fell to 8 per cent.

This will be used by many interests as a further argument in favor of something like a scientific system of currency for this government. It is not likely that we will ever acquire the English system with its central Government Bank, but it is generally admitted that the present system of helping the money market depends entirely upon the personal judgment and good-will of the Secretary or Treasurer and is not a system that can be relied on in a crisis.

The century old question of Newfoundland fishing rights has come up again with the usual promise that it is going to be settled once for all. There has been more trouble than usual in the past season over the capture of American fishing vessels whose status had to be finally settled by correspondence between the State Department and the British Foreign Office. Now the Fish Commission has appointed A. B. Alexander as a special commissioner and has placed the tug Potomac at his disposal for a trip to Newfoundland where he will investigate the problem on the spot. Mr. Alexander will not start until the return of Secretary Root from his South American trip, for the Secretary will have to be put in touch with a good many phases of the situation in order to ultimately carry on his negotintions with Great Britain.

There might be more expectation of a successful outcome to the negotiations if it were not for the fact that Secretary Root is probably the most cordially hated American official when it comes to any dealing involving Canada and its outlying provinces. The Canadian people have never forgotten or forgiven his part in settling the Alaskan boundary dispute in London, and they will be exceedingly shy of giving their assent to any new treaty he has in hand. Naturally the British government does not want to anger Canada any more than necessary, and as they will not be satisfied with a new treaty that falls short of giving everything to Newfoundland and nothing to the United States, the outlook for an amicable settlement is not much brighter than it was a hundred years ago.

The passage of the new rate law has made considerable more work for the Interstate Commerce Commission. It will make more work before all the constitutional details of the new law are settled by the courts. There will be a continual series of hearings lasting well into the spring before the various transportation lines, pipe lines and express companies all have even had their first innings. One of the most curious cases that has yet developed was a complaint this week from one Eugene Walker of Media, Pa., who stated that he had been blacklisted by the B. & O. R. R. because of patronizing a trolley line. It has been expected that there would be some complaint in this direction ever since the interurban trolley line became such serious competitors for the short haul passenger traffic on the railroads.

The complainant alleges that he and others patronized a trolley line paralleling the B. & O., and as a punishment the railroad induced the United States Express Company to withdraw certain package privileges they had previously enjoyed. The Interstate Commerce Commission will set a hearing for the case, but they say there is little redress for the complainants, except in the issuance of an order for the express companies to treat all their patrons alike.

Scarcely has the appeal for funds in aid of the San Francisco earthquake sufferers been forgotten when the United States is asked to contribute similar relief to Valparaiso. The appeal has been sent to the State Department by Mr. Hicks, the United States Minister to Chili, who says that the local situation is very distressing and that funds should be sent if possible by cable. It is true that the President issued a proclamation on the subject of Chilian contributions as soon as the news of the earthquake was received in this country. Agents of the Red Cross were also sent to the spot, but actual contributions have been exceedingly few. The State Department has been rather mortified at this failure to respond and hope is expressed that money in aid of the Chilian sufferers will soon be forthcoming in larger quantities. The Chilian government has made no direct appeal for aid to this country, but it is known nevertheless that contributions would be received there with the deepest gratitude.

Very Low Colonist Rates to Pacific Coast via Nickel Plate Road.

Daily until October 31st the Nickel Plate Road will sell special one-way Colonist tickets from Buffalo to principal points in California, Washington and Oregon at rate of $42.50. Good in all trains and in tourist sleepers. For full particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 201 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Estray Notice.

Came to the premises of the undersigned in Keating township on Sept. 4, two two-year-olds, a heifer and bull. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges, otherwise they will be disposed of according to the laws governing estrays. J. N. HACKETT,

Smethport, Pa., R. F. D., No. 2, Sept. 12, 1906.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MIRROR. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the careless man can see it

For Sale.

A number of fine lots fronting on Main Street, in Smethport. These lots are 4 by 16 rods, nicely located, and will be sold at moderate prices and on easy terms of payment. Also a nice lot on Bank street. T. B. Morrison, Attorney

Cows for Sale.

I have several fine Jersey cows for sale. Inquire of John D. Abbey, near fair grounds entrance, East Smethport.

Rain and Sun
don't pierce through the hard, resisting coat of

Lucas Paint

(Tinted Gloss)

The high gloss not only makes it better-looking, but adds to the life of the paint and the house.

Ask your dealer.

John Lucas & Co

Sixty years of paint-making

New York Philadelphia Chicago

Notice of Special Court.

And now to-wit:—July 17, 1906, it is ordered that a special term of the Courts of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Over and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, be holden in and for the County of McKean on the Second Monday of October, A. D. 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m., that being the 8th day of October, A. D. 1906, and continue one week, and that a venire issue to the Sheriff and Jury Commissioners to impanel and the said Sheriff to summon fifty-six (56) persons to serve as Petit Jurors in said Courts.

Jos. W. BURTON, P. J.

Attest:
WM. H. MORRISON, Clerk

In re estate of Lorenzo D. Hill, late of Eldred Borough, McKean Co. Penna., deceased. | In the Orphans' Court of McKean County. No. 23, Feb. Term, 1906

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, having been appointed Auditor by the above named court to make distribution of the balance of the fund in the hands of E. A. Barden, Administrator of said estate, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Smethport in said county, on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1906, at 11 o'clock a. m., when and where creditors may attend and present their claims or forever be debarred from participating in said distribution.

THOMAS H. MORRISON,
Auditor

Smethport, Penna., Sept. 12, 1906.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Saturday Matinee and Night, Sept. 15, 1906.

Ninth Year of That Quaint, Natural, Yankee Character Comedian

Dan Darleigh

Supported by a Competent Company of Players in the Homespun Play

"Si Stebbins"

Interspersed with a Complete Complement of Vaudeville Acts.

2 PERFORMANCES IN ONE 2

One Big Laugh from Start to Finish.

Matinee, Children 10c, Adults, 20c.

Night, Common Sense Prices, 25, 35, 50c.

Reserved Seats at Wells' Drug Store.

HAVE YOU SENT YOUR DOLLAR?

TO REPUBLICANS:

We are anxious to have every Republican in close touch, and working in harmony with the Republican National Congressional Committee in favor of the election of a Republican Congress.

The Congressional campaign must be based on the administrative and legislative record of the party, and, that being so, Theodore Roosevelt's personality must be a central figure and his achievements a central thought in the campaign.

We desire to maintain the work of this campaign with popular subscriptions of One Dollar each from Republicans. To each subscriber we will send the Republican National Campaign Text Book and all documents issued by the Committee.

Help us achieve a great victory.

JAMES S. SHERMAN, Chairman.
P. O. Box 2063, New York.

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SEVERAL REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD ATTEND THE

R. B. I.

The Best Course of Study.
Large Faculty of Experienced Specialists.
Faculty are Authors of the Leading Series of Commercial Textbooks.
Finest Building and Equipment, Gymnasium, Baths, etc.
Free Course of High-Class Lectures and Entertainments.
More than 100 New Typewriters, and latest Office Devices.
Calls for Graduates to fill good places exceed Entire Student Enrollment by more than 50 per cent.
Clean Athletics—Baseball, Basketball, and Field Day Exercises.
Enthusiasm in Every Department. Send for Catalogue.

ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WANTED AN ENERGETIC MAN OR WOMAN TO REPRESENT US

in every town, selling our Coffees, Teas, Baking Powder, Spices and Extracts. **Large cash commissions.** Special inducements given your customers. Our salesmen are making $20.00 to $50.00 a week permanently. If you wish to get into this money making business, giving it all your time, or to handle same in connection with your other work, write to us at once. Only one representative selected in each locality. Applicants must furnish references.

R. B. ROPE, MANAGER, 601 LOUISIANA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Westbrook Commercial Academy

A PROGRESSIVE, RELIABLE SCHOOL.

¶ ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR will open in September. Prospective students should arrange in advance for the attendance is limited. Special combined course scholarships issued thro June and July. Send for catalogue and list of graduates who have secured positions within the past year. E. D. Westbrook, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

School Going

Will soon be in order and this fact suggests calling your attention to our special prices on school clothes and shoes.

Knee Pants Suits

4 to 16 year sizes, a large variety of fabrics at prices that will surprise you. You can judge the kind of clothes we sell by the way your neighbor talks. School shoes and a whole outfit for the boy at surprising low prices.

LOOK HERE BEFORE YOU BUY.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

PRE-INVENTORY SALE. . . . .

On and after this date until further notice I will sell all goods in my store at a discount of 10 per cent to reduce stock; flour, sugar and butter excepted.

My stock of merchandise is complete in every particular, and this is a rare opportunity for cash buyers.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

June 25, 1906.

Everything New, Stylish Up-to-Date in Merchant Tailoring.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

WE CAN SUPPLY THEM

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED

MANY NEW NOVELTIES, Etc.

H. C. WELLS

Ordered by Mail

By Troy Allison

Copyrighted, 1903, by M. M. Cunningham

Mrs. Johnson, coming unexpectedly into the dining room, where the new girl was laying the cloth for dinner, looked at her with a sudden intentness.

"Haven't you been crying, Johnnan?" she asked kindly.

"Ach, it iss not much," the woman said, a reminiscent tear starting down her cheek. "It iss that America so strange iss and the city—I the cows miss—and the garden and making the butter—yess." And her exceedingly blond skin turned red with the effort she made to keep the tears from coming in torrents.

Mrs. Johnson's eyes looked meditative while she tried to think what form of comfort to offer.

"I'm sorry you are homesick; it's an awful feeling, but cheer up," she said sympathetically. "I'll give the cook money for theater tickets, and you can both go to see that spectacular thing they say is so wonderful."

Johnnan smiled gratefully. "You so very good iss," she said as she went toward the kitchen.

In the midst of his dinner Mr. Johnson thought of something and commenced laughing.

"I had a most unusual order today from a customer down south. He ordered a whole list of things, then climaxed with 'one wife for a widower of thirty-five.'"

"I'M JOHN BURDEN," HE SAID SIMPLY.

Mrs. Johnson's eyes were wide with unbelief. "Charley Johnson, you certainly are joking! The man couldn't have been so foolish as to be in earnest?"

"It wasn't for himself; it was for a country customer—a young widower with a dairy farm on his hands that has been going to rack and ruin since his wife died."

Mrs. Johnson was evidently struck with an inspiration.

"Oh, Charley, how would Johnnan do?" she suggested enthusiastically.

"I think she would do finely—just fill the bill—if she would go," Mr. Johnson finished dubiously. "But if I sent down a piece of pink and white yellow haired perfection as Johannn I am afraid I would have an order from every farmer in North Carolina and would be forced to open a matrimonial bureau."

"Do you know anything about the widower?" Mrs. Johnson asked at length.

"Yes; Hayes wrote me a letter and gave a pen picture of his life from the cradle to the grave 'his wife's grave,' he added, with a grin appreciative of his wit, 'says he will absolutely vouch for him and that if I can find a woman who is suited to the man he described it will be a good thing for her. By Jove, I believe Johannn is the ne plus ultra of she'll go. Pity she can't talk better English."

"Oh, her little foreign talk won't make any difference. He can stand it. You see, I'm able to stand your Latin or French, whichever it is. I can never quite determine from your accent."

* * * * * * *

John Burden pulled the horses up under the shade of an elm near the door of the ladies' waiting room and handed the reins to his companion, with a sheepish smile.

"Hold on to those, Mr. Hayes. You got me into this business, and you must help see me through. Do I look much like a fool?"

Marion Hayes, dealer in general merchandise, chuckled as he took the reins. "No, sir. You are the personification of the gay and festive bridegroom—not an unnecessary sign of foolishness about you. Of course, the new suit and the rosebud in your buttonhole are allowable as befitting the occasion. Wasn't suit I had in stock, old boy. Hope she'll like it."

Burden arranged his necktie with clumsy fingers. "Glad all this internal quaking don't show on the outside. There's the train in sight. Gee! Don't believe there's ever a day made as hot as this."

He made his way through the crowd around the depot and stationed himself where he could get a good view of the passengers alighting from the train.

"I've been staid and have traveled in the usual rut all my life," he communed with himself, "but if this ain't acting like a fellow in a novel, I never read one."

He kept on the lookout for a woman wearing a dark blue dress and carrying a suit case marked Johanna Gensler. Mr. Johnson had written that he would see that the name was printed in large letters and that there would probably be no trouble as to identity in a town where the incoming travelers were few.

Johanna stepped from the train, her blue eyes looking as wondering and as childish as they did when she landed in America six months before. She paused helplessly, and just then Burden saw the name on the suit case.

He looked at the woman's face—its blond fairness an unusual style in a southern town—and the thermometer seemed to jump several degrees upward.

"She looks like—like—an angel!" he muttered. "She will be disappointed in me," and he went to her anxiously and diffidently.

"I'm John Burden," he said simply.

"You—you did want me to come?" Her voice trembled and he saw tears in her blue eyes.

"Want you? Want you?" His tone gained assurance. "Anybody with an ounce of sense would want you to come—and to stay," he said, his face radiant as he took the suit case from her.

After the dinner with Hayes at the hotel and the quiet marriage ceremony in the hotel parlor they drove the five miles to Burden's farm and reached there just at the beginning of the long summer twilight.

The climbing rose vine in full bloom over the veranda, and a flock of white geese were wandering through the gate toward the barnyard.

"Do you like it?" he asked, his voice almost a whisper.

"It is so much home," she gasped in her halting English, "even the cows that in the farmyard stand."

He led her into the house and paused before a sweet, clean room whose muslin curtains blew in and out the open windows.

"This is your room," he said simply. "Mine is across the hall, where I can hear if you get afraid and call me."

His honest sunburned face was full of kindness, and although her comprehension of English was limited, she caught a glimpse of his soul in a language that is universal.

"Take off your hat, little woman. I hear old Jenny putting supper on the table." He looked at the pale gold of her hair where her hat had pressed it tightly against her moist forehead, and he hesitatingly touched it with his hand and freed it from her temples.

"I hope you'll feel homelike and will grow to love the farm—and maybe some time—me," he added timidly.

"I like it all—and you," she answered softly.

Time to Change.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the lecturer after bowing to the first round of applause that followed his introduction, "I propose this evening to address you on the all important subject of 'the training and rearing of boys.' It is a broad subject that is demanding more and more attention every day. In the beginning, and in order to lay a broad foundation for the proper treatment of this great subject, I will"—

"Excuse me, professor," interrupted the harassed little man who was almost hidden away in the corner, "but how many boys have you?"

"Well, er, um—well, the fact is, sir, I have no children at all," stammered the lecturer.

"That's all right, then," said the little man, sinking back into his seat. "I was afeered you had a few of 'em, an' if you had I knowed it was a cinch you didn't know nothin' about raisin' 'em. You kin go ahead and I'll listen, 'cause I'm lookin' for expert advice on the subject."

But somehow or other the lecturer thought best to change the subject.

Fines Built the Mansion House.

The Mansion House, London, was partly built out of money unjustly wrung from dissenters. By an act of Charles II. no one could take office under the corporation without taking the sacrament according to the rites of the Established church. By another act a sheriff who declined to serve was rendered liable to a fine of £400. A dissenter was elected sheriff, and, as he could not take the sacrament, he declined to serve and paid £400. A second was elected, with the same result. This ingenious method of taxing dissenters was repeated until forty-five had successively paid the fine. No. 46 was a stiff necked gentleman, and he declined to either serve or pay. He was sued for the fine, but the judge held that the disqualifying act relieved the dissenter of the duty of service. The £18,000, however, already secured was voted by the corporation to the building fund of the Mansion House.—London Standard.

Beggars Outwitted.

Many years ago an ingenious plan was adopted by the grand duke to rid Florence of beggars. It was proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain mentioned time would be provided with a new suit of clothes by the duke free of cost. At the appointed time the beggars of the city all assembled, and the grand duke, causing all the avenues to the square to be closed, compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes and gave each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the "Beggars' bridge," and the city for the time being was relieved of the beggars by which it had been previously overrun, as none would give to the well dressed individuals who implored charity, not believing their tales of distress.

Excited No Comment.

Tess—Of course, I knew that May and Bess were bitter enemies, but do you mean to tell me they actually engaged in a fist fight? Jess—Yes, Tess—Why, what a scandal! I declare I—Jess—Oh, nobody noticed it. They went to a bargain store to do it.—Philadelphia Press.

The Opinion She Sought.

"Well, what do you think of my new hat?" she asked.

"Do you want a candid opinion?" he questioned.

"Heavens, no!" she replied. "Say something nice."—New York Press.

There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.—Shakespeare.

BUNKER HILL BATTLE

TENSE FEELING OF THE PATRIOTS BEFORE THE GREAT EVENT.

Watching the British Ships That Were Teeming With Redcoats. Drinking Tea in Secret in a Garret—The Story of an Eyewitness.

My great grandmother, Parnell Brooks, whose maiden name was Boylston, in the year 1820 sold her homestead, on which now stands Bunker Hill monument, to the city of Boston for $5,000. At the time of the battle of that name she was a little girl of seven and a half years living with her parents, Richard and Parnell Boylston, in the old homestead residence, which then stood on the very spot where the monument now stands. She retained to the end of her days a most vivid recollection of events there, especially on the day and night preceding that memorable battle, the various incidents of which she never tired of telling and retelling.

As nearly as I can, I shall give these little items as she used to relate them, as follows:

"My father, Richard Boylston, was the grandson of the celebrated Dr. Zabdiel Boylston of Brookline, who was the first to introduce (in 1721) vaccination into the civilized world and which he did against great opposition, preceding Dr. Edward Jenner's further development of the practice in England by about fifty years. At the above date, during the epidemic of smallpox in Boston, Dr. Boylston inoculated 286 persons, of whom only six died.

"My father, grandson of this famous physician, was a prosperous merchant of Charlestown. Our home was on Breed's hill, a little less than half a mile from the village, my father owning that and much of the adjacent land down to the water's edge.

"For months things had been very unsettled, and I had heard much talk among my elders about oppression, tyranny and taxation. Up in the garret, hidden behind the big loom, were a chest of tea, a teakettle, teacups, saucers, etc., carefully covered with a heap of flax. Every afternoon my mother would retire to this garret with any guest she might have to brew and drink a cup of that forbidden beverage. How often had I been told to stay near the door and play, but to run quickly and tell my mother if I saw any one coming up the hill!

"For days out in the harbor mother and the servants had been watching and discussing the big ships which were anchored there. There were so many and so different from the little fishing and harbor boats I had been accustomed to see there.

"I was too young to fully understand exactly what it all meant, but I had a vague idea that something awful was going to happen.

"The day before the battle, June 16, we children, my brother Richard, sister Ann and myself, had been playing in the newly gathered hay which the farm hands had left in little cocks ready for carting to the barn. These we had seen fit to scatter mostly in all directions.

"My father, returning for midday dinner, looked very serious, and we thought him exceedingly cross, for he commanded that we should rake up every particle of the hay into cocks again immediately.

"At dinner there was much talk of war and the British, and the ships were watched closer than ever. They seemed now to be teeming with constantly moving red coated men. At supper the family talked with bated breath, and afterward father went back to the village, which mother did not seem to like him to do and was very unusual for him. We were not put to bed at the usual time. They seemed to forget us, and we huddled around mother as she talked anxiously with neighbors who had called to see father.

"At 10 o'clock, when father returned, he said orders had been issued to Colonel Prescott to fortify Bunker Hill, as every evidence showed the British were intending to land. Our callers departed, and we retired.

"It must have been nearly midnight when the whole household was aroused by a terrible knocking at our doors and the tramping of horses in the yard. Father, hastily throwing up his window, demanded who was there. The answer was: 'General Putnam. Get the women and children out of the house as quickly as possible. We are fortifying the hill and must have the house.'

"Instantly candles were lighted and all was excitement and for some time confusion. Some big chests were got down from the garret, however, and clothing, silver, jewelry, everything at hand promiscuously flung in, my father assuring us that we probably should never again look upon anything left behind.

"Horses were quickly hitched to the carriage and others to a big farm wagon. Mother and we children—Ann clinging to her pet kitten and I hugging my dear old dog Bose, both crying for we knew not what—were put into the carriage, the women servants and chests into the wagon, and away we went down the hill among hundreds of men now moving up from all directions. It was an awful experience, that of being called up in the night and being hurried away, as it seemed, for our lives. I shall never forget it. We were driven to a friend's house at Roxbury.

"In the midst of the commotion, before we got started from our yard, General Putnam, who had dismounted and stood for a moment with his hand on his horse's head, met with a comical accident. His horse, being a high spirited one, plunged in great fright over a pet lamb of ours that stupidly ran against the fiery horse's legs.

"Rearing, the animal forced the general violently and all unexpectedly backward until he was tripped up and made involuntarily to sit down in a large tub of water, used as a drinking trough for the stock. My father quickly lent his hand and pulled the gallant general out, both laughing heartily, which sounded strange and unnatural to me in such terrifying surroundings.

"It is a matter of history how the farmer soldiers fought all night, using the boards of our barns for stockades and barricades, and how valiantly they met the invaders, of whom 1,054 were killed and wounded, against our 305; which fight, in fact, as is well known, were it not for the giving out of our ammunition, would have resulted in the complete annihilation of the whole British force.

"When we returned to our old home, alas, what a scene of destruction and desolation was there! My father's loss was very heavy; his warehouses all sacked or burned to the ground, house furniture ruined, barns and fences all demolished, with all our live stock either killed or frightened away and lost. 'But never mind, Richard! Thank God you were not one of the killed, anyway. The rest we can bear,' mother used to say." Alice L. Quarrie of Newark, N. J., in Boston Herald.

ODDITIES OF DRESS.

National Characteristics of the Attire of European Women.

It is strange that, whereas in every country of Europe, among the higher classes as well as among the peasantry, a distinctive peculiarity of costume exists, there is absolutely nothing of the kind in North America. The newness of the country does not explain this, as in South American states, which are younger than our nation, a national costume is the rule.

The Russian "kokochnik" is one of the most charming articles of adornment in Europe. It originated among the Muscovite peasant women, but has been adopted during this century by the ladies of the court, who have elaborated it into a red velvet cap embroidered in precious stones. It is worn with the red velvet court mantle and jeweled stomacher brought out on state occasions and more than outrivals the plumes and veil worn at the English court.

The Spanish mantilla is well known and has been somewhat vulgarized on the comic stage. The national dress of Roumania has escaped that fate. It consists of a white linen sleeveless garment made with as few folds as possible and somewhat resembling the Egyptian "fellahin." It is thickly embroidered in a cross stitch arabesque in bright red, sky blue, orange, yellow and black silk, intermingled with gold and silver threads, a band of similar embroidery encircling the waist, with streamers of colored ribbon falling therefrom in a shimmering cascade. The hair is braided in four plaits loosely tied with chains of sequins, and the feet are incased in crimson kid slippers strewn with seed pearls.

In Poland princesses and peasants wear around their throats several rows of huge coral beads, and so loath to part with these supposed bringers of good luck are they that when a grande dame is arrayed for a ball and is obliged to put on pearls and diamonds she carries her coral beads in her pocket.

In Austria-Hungary is found the greatest divergence in the matter of costume. The garb of the Hungarian peasant is so fetching that the wealthy ladies copy it when on their estates. It consists of a short puffy skirt of crimson and yellow, a small sleeveless velvet bodice imprisoning a snowy shirt, stiffly starched and embroidered in contrasting colors, and an artistically knotted head scarf, from under which escapes a thick braid of hair intwined with colored ribbons.

In the plains of Provence and in the Normandy lands the wealthy still cling to their little lace caps, the intrinsic value of which is sometimes inestimable, made as they are of rare point lace fastened down with quaintly chased golden pins, heirlooms in families.

Easy Money.

"The easiest money I ever made," said a Philadelphia shipping man the other day, "was handed to me in New York not long ago. I was visiting there and had a little time to myself, so I bought a paper and went down to the river front. I saw an advertisement in the paper saying that a tug was to be auctioned off that day, so I went to the place and stood around examining the tug. After a while a man who had been watching me came over and began asking questions. I told him I was interested in boats and was from Philadelphia. Then he asked, 'What are you doing down here?' 'I came down to this auction sale,' I said. 'Well,' said the man, 'if you want to keep on the right side of the boys you'll do something for me. Here's $100; do not bid in the tug.' I took the money and departed. I had not the slightest intention of bidding."—Philadelphia Record.

Yawning Is Beneficial.

"Yawning is beneficial," said a throat specialist, "and in certain troubles sore throat, buzzing in the ears, and so one I recommend artificial yawning. This is more helpful in some cases than the best gargle. You see, during the act of yawning there is a considerable stretching and exercising of the muscles of the pharynx and soft palate. On these muscles the yawn acts, in fact, as a massage. Furthermore, yawning contracts the throat tubes and drives into the pharynx any waste matter that, accumulating there, may have impeded the breathing. Nothing clears the throat like a good yawn."

Discriminating.

A thoughtful hostess gave a children's party and decided it would be healthier to serve only mineral waters.

One little girl tasted of her carbonic and laid the glass down.

"What's the matter, dear? Don't you like charged water?"

"No, ma'am. Please may I have some water that you've paid for?"—Life.

Worry Makes Disease.

A man who keeps worrying about the state of his liver will almost be sure to have trouble with it eventually. Indigestion can be brought on in the same way and a long list of other ailments.—A Physician in World's Work.

POWER OF MIND.

Always a Valuable Asset in Presence of Danger.

Presence of mind is always an asset. It is especially valuable in presence of danger such as springs from the presence of men intent upon murder. This was never better exemplified than when a gang of men set out to take the life of Mazzini. He got to hear of their project. All the precautions he took was to get ready a store of very excellent cigars. The ruffians presently appeared at his address. "Come in, gentlemen," he said and produced his cigars. To each man he handed one. Taken aback at their reception, they seemed abashed and confused. "I know that you came to kill me," he said. "Why do you not proceed to your task?" This was too much for even this bloodthirsty deputation. They could not kill the man whose cigars they were smoking and who invited them to carry out their task. Muttering some excuse for having interrupted his studies, they shuffled out of the room and troubled him no more.

Each man has his own method with would be assassins. With Napoleon it was the eye which counted. While he was visiting the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha one of the duke's retainers made up his mind to slay him. He had so frequently heard the great man denounced as the curse of Europe that he felt impelled to seize the chance to destroy him. He was a common soldier at the time and had to do sentry duty in one of the corridors of the palace along which Napoleon passed. He put his finger to the trigger as the duke, accompanied by Napoleon, drew in sight. He aimed for Napoleon's heart. Napoleon saw him. He said nothing, but straight fixed his eagle eye upon the youth. The latter seemed spellbound. He let the musket fall with a crash to the floor of the stone corridor. He felt, he said, as if he must have swooned. Napoleon took no further notice, said no word, passed upon his way as if nothing had happened. That one flashing glance had saved his life. He knew its effect and value.—St. James' Gazette.

LANGUAGE EVOLUTION.

Use of the Suffix "Less" in Verbs, Nouns and Adjectives.

Many will remember that some years ago there went on a violent controversy about the word tireless. The discovery had been made that "less" was a suffix which could properly be appended only to nouns; hence the form must be discarded, and we must all take pains to say untiring. The duty of so doing was preached from scores of professional and newspaper pulpits. No one seemed to think or care for the various other adjectives similarly formed and therefore liable to the similar censure which they never received. Hostility was directed against it alone. The actual flaw which vitiated the arguments against tireless its censors never knew or took into consideration. This was that the fancied rule covering the creation of such words had practically long ceased to be operative whenever a new formation struck the sense of the users of language as being desirable.

Unquestionably in our earliest speech the suffix "less" when employed to form adjectives was joined only with nouns. But the general sloughing off of nominal and verbal endings which went on in later centuries reduced a great proportion of substantives and verbs in the speech to precisely the same form. In consequence the sense of any fundamental distinction between the two broke down in many ways—in one way in particular. There is nothing easier in our speech than to convert a verb into a noun or a noun into a verb. It is a process which has taken place constantly in the past and is liable to take place at any time in the future, either at the will or the whim of the writer or speaker.—Thomas R. Lounsbury in Harper's.

ROMAN ROSES.

They Are Beautiful and Abundant Because They Eat Meat.

"I have yet to see a rose equal to those grown in Rome," said the amateur horticulturist. "They bloom in the greatest abundance all through the winter, and they are as large and rich and velvety as American Beauties, living out of doors, climbing like ivy or honeysuckle over the crumbling marble walls of ruined temples, gleaming in crimson and green masses upon ancient columns, giving to the grimmest and saddest of mediaeval palazzos an air of gayety and youth.

"One day on the Via Sistina, as I passed the garden that had once been the garden of Lucullus, I saw an old man tending the superb roots that grow there. He was pouring on their roots a dark, rich looking fluid.

"'Why are the Roman roses so beautiful and abundant?' I said to the old man.

"'Because they eat meat,' he answered.

"'Eat meat? Nonsense,' said I.

"'Well, they drink meat—meat extract, which is the same thing,' said the old man. 'We Roman gardeners have for centuries watered our roses thrice a week with a strong decoction of fresh beef—a rich grade of beef tea. They are meat eaters. That is why the roses of Rome are as hardy and prolific as weeds and at the same time as richly, delicately beautiful and as sweetly perfumed as flowers grown under glass.'"—Chicago Chronicle.

A Horse Story.

Our Dumb Animals tells a remarkable story about the intelligence of a mare who saved her colt from death by stopping a train on a railroad in Texas. The colt had fallen with its legs through a railroad bridge, and the mother started down the track to meet the coming train. As the train came up she stood on the track whinnying. The train stopped, and then the mare trotted ahead of it as it moved slowly to the bridge. Here the colt was discovered and extricated from its perilous position. The story was vouched for by the engineer, railroad men and passengers in the train.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome In Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints; cures Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It proves successful in cases where all other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 30 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

FREE.—Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice. Write also for an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Roudout, N.Y. Mention this paper.

REMEMBER, the full name is DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Roudout, N. Y., and the price is $1.00 (six bottles $5.00) at all druggists.

ACME MILL,

F. A. GREEN, Propr.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

— AND —

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer

Smethport, Pa.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. for expert search and free report. Have advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., IN ALL COUNTRIES. *Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.* Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 906 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

C.A. SNOW & CO.

The Lindholm Co.

Starting the Season & Starting Right

That is what we are doing in our Ready to Wear Department.

We open to the trade this week the fall line of Ladies Tailored Skirts. Two lines complete in every detail "Korrect" and "Duchess" Skirts.

In selecting these lines expert care has been used to get the latest ideas and most popular weaves and coloring. We ask you to allow us to show you this popular line this week. Call and look them over. Buy later.

They range from $5.00 to $30.00.

Special attention has been given to Misses Skirts; result a superb line at $5.00.

Three Snaps for Friday and Saturday.

No. 1 Men's Underwear, 50c kind, at 39c.

No. 2 Shirt Waists, just a few left from the Clearing Sale. Price will suit you

No. 3 New line of Purses and Bags intended for holiday trade but not too good for you now.

The Lindholm Co.

BOTTLING UP THE SUMMER'S SWEETS

Don't take long chances on your fruit spoiling by using old jars with faulty caps and worthless rubber rings. New ones cost too little now days to run any risk. Rubber rings can be used in safety only once—even though the jars and caps are perfect. We have the genuine MASON PATTERN GLASS TOP JARS in pints, quarts and half gallons. Every jar has been carefully looked over and we guarantee each and every one perfect when they leave our store.

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE THINK OF

REDFIELD,

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 13, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Lindholm Co. have some good things to offer in their space to-day.

—Civil court has been in session this week with the usual amount of business.

—Have you read Fry & Comes' new ad in this issue? If not be sure and do so as it will surely interest you.

—Hose that are sold with a binding guarantee that they need no darning for 6 months are advertised by Wm. Monheimer on this page.

—L. A. Glase died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Byron Booth, at Olean last week, aged 59 years. He was a brother of Mrs. A. H. Pierce, Sr., of this place.

—Mrs. David Parsons was pleasantly surprised Tuesday evening by a party of friends, the occasion being her 43rd birthday. An elegant luncheon was served and all report a good time.

—F. P. Whelan found a black leather pocketbook containing money and papers. Property will be restored to the rightful owner by calling on him, proving property and paying for advertising.

—Sunday morning the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach in the Methodist Episcopal church on "The Things Prepared for Us of God." In the evening the theme will be "In the Cleft of the Rock."

—The condition of Miss Lucy Mitchell, who has been suffering with appendicitis, although slightly improved since our last issue, is still serious. Her speedy recovery is hoped for by her many friends.

—Robert Dunn, who ran automobile hacks to and from the fair grounds, was arrested last Thursday for fast and careless driving and was fined $15 and costs at a hearing before Justice Chase of East Smethport.

—According to the Kane Republican George Smith of that place had his leg broken in Smethport last Thursday evening. The Republican does not give particulars and we have been unable to learn them elsewhere.

—Twenty Western horses were sold at auction at E. W. Jones' livery last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Jones acted as auctioneer and in most cases they brought fair prices. The occasion drew a large crowd of spectators.

—The Colburn Machine Glass Company of Franklin, Pa., propose to make window glass in a continuous sheet with machinery. Mr. Colburn, who is at the head of this concern, recently stated that the machinery was perfected for making as good glass as the hand blown article. If this scheme should be a success it would make a great change in this industry, but it will have to be proven before the glassworkers will take it seriously.

—Harry Diczki, a Slav, died at a camp near Newton on Wednesday of last week of uraemic poisoning. His body was brought here on Friday and funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's church, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating.

—On Monday at Warren Judge W. M. Lindsey sentenced Frank Jerardi, Pietro Notaro and Antonio Fruci to 20 years each in the Western penitentiary. They are the Italians who shot and killed a fellow countryman in the streets of Tiona.

—The Port Allegany High School team defeated the Smethport High School team by a score of 13 to 8 in a game of ball played at Kane Field last Thursday morning. The local team was outclassed by their heavier opponents from over the hill.

—While playing ball last Saturday Maurice Pancoast, son of T. H. Pancoast, made a misstep which threw his left knee out of joint. He was assisted to his home and medical aid summoned. At present he is improving rapidly and will soon be able to be out.

—E. T. Newman, who is to be married to Miss Ruth Forrest next Saturday, gave a farewell to bachelorhood dinner at Daly Brook Lodge Tuesday evening. About thirty invited guests were present and had a most delightful time until the wee sma' hours.

—We are in receipt of an invitation to attend the dedicatory ceremonies of the Capitol of Pennsylvania in Harrisburg on Thursday, Oct. 4, next. The invitation is headed with a good engraving of the new Capitol which shows it to be a magnificent structure.

—The Board of Health held a meeting last night and appointed a committee to meet with a committee from the water company to make certain suggestions for the improvement of conditions of the water supply and the purity of the water during drouths.

—Mrs. S. W. Baumgardner of No. 22 Park street, while at the B., R. & P. depot yesterday afternoon, lost a purse containing over $20. The lady was about to board a train for Buffalo when she discovered her loss. A search was made but the money could not be found.—Bradford Era. Mrs. Baumgardner is well known in Smethport.

—"A Bunch of Keys" drew a fair sized audience at the Lyceum Monday evening and all were well pleased. The laughable farce comedy was presented by a very good cast of artists. Miss May L. Bell in her musical melange and Gertrude Swiggett in her imitation of an awkward country girl made unusually strong hits with the audience.

—A neat and substantial granite monument has just been placed in Rose Hill on the lot jointly owned by Messrs Roswell and Henry S. Sartwell. The work was completed by Foley Bros., Olean monumental dealers. This firm also erected a handsome granite monument in the Clermont cemetery for the father and mother of E. D. and J. C. Martin.

—A few days ago a gentleman and lady, Mr. George F. Larned and Miss Grace M. Weller, presented themselves at the home of the Baptist pastor, Rev. T. D. Ware, and were united in marriage. Mr. Larned and Miss Weller were on the road with some friends giving musical entertainments and left their party for a short time at Bradford and came to Smethport to be married.

—Miss Lydia Maude McAllister, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burt McAllister, died at her home in Bradford on Monday, aged nearly 23 years. She was to have been married to Mr David Schuler of Rochester on Sept. 12. Miss McAllister is survived by her parents, a brother, Archie L., and a sister, Miss Hazel. The grief stricken family have the sympathy of many friends in this vicinity.

—James Daily of Smethport says that while he was passing the camp of the Italians near the old fair grounds, about 7 o'clock Tuesday night he was held up and relieved of $75. Mr. Daily states that while walking to this place he stopped to chat with some men at the Italian camp, when suddenly two men grabbed his arms and a third went through his pockets, taking the amount specified from his trousers pocket.—Coudersport Democrat.

—The building committee of The Grange National Bank has decided on the Brownell lot at the corner of Main and State streets as the location for the new bank. A brick building will be erected on this site as soon as practicable. It will be two or three stories high and will cost about $25,000. The bank will be built of light colored brick. This is one of the best locations in town and when completed will be a credit to the town and the bank directors.

—Considerable interest is being manifested in the coming engagement of the new college musical frolic, "The Harvard Girl," it is the clever work of the company and the specialties introduced by the clever comedians that "The Harvard Girl" owes its popularity. There is a merry jingle to it. The company which is large one is uniformly strong and pleasing. "The Harvard Girl" is on the whole bright and funny enough to dispel a case of the blues or entertain the most blase theatregoer. This funny comedy will be seen at the Lyceum on Wednesday, Sept. 19.

—Bernard Devlin of Dallas, a brother of County Commissioner John Devlin, met with a serious accident last night at the B., R. & P. depot in this city. He had come from Smethport on the B., R. & P. special train, arriving here at 1 a. m. He got off the train, but as it was pulling out to back into the yards he seized the hand bar on the back of one car. He was thrown under the wheels of the car and his left leg ran over and crushed just above the ankle. Still's ambulance was summoned and Devlin was taken to the Bradford hospital, where Drs. Straight, Robinson and Hogan attended him.—Friday's Bradford Star.

Important Services at St. Luke's.

Friday, Sept. 14th, will be the thirteenth anniversary of the consecration of St. Luke's church. There will be services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. On Saturday Bishop Whitehead will administer confirmation, the service beginning at eight o'clock. The offerings at this service will be for the Bishop's "Charity Fund." On Sunday next the services will be at 8, 10 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bishop Whitehead will preach at 10:30 a. m. and will ordain Rev. William Elmer Van Dyke to the Priesthood. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

The following is the program of service for the morning:

Ordination 10:30 a. m.
Hymn 524.
Collects.
Preface to the Ordinal.
Promise of Conformity.
Hymn 286.
Sermon.
Offertory; Anthem, "Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord," Garrett.
The Litany (with one verse Hymn 89.
Holy Communion.
Introit, Psalm 15.
Communion Service, Eyre in E flat.
Sequence, Hymn 288.
(After the Gospel, the Examination and Ordination of Priests, Hymn 289, "Veni Creator" before the Ordination, the Creed after the Ordination).
Hymn 420.

Notice to Automobilists.

Complaint has been made that auto No. 2148 was running on Main street August 26, at the rate of not less than 40 miles per hour and that other autos have been running far beyond their limits.

You are hereby notified that anyone running at the rate of more than 1 mile in 6 minutes within the limits of the Borough of Smethport, Pa., will be dealt with according to law.

EDGAR W. STRONG, Burgess.

Excursion to Niagara and Buffalo

Via Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry., Sunday, Sept. 23. Special train will leave Mt. Jewett at 8:30 a. m. and the round trip fare will be only $1.50. Tickets will be good returning on special train leaving Niagara Falls 7:00 p. m. and Buffalo 8:00 p. m. on date of sale, also from Buffalo on any regular train Monday, Sept. 24.

Do you want a good lawn swing? We are closing out our line at cost. They are O. K. Price $6.00. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Personal Mention.

Miss Ruth Shepard of Port Allegany is visiting Mrs. W. O. Herzog.

Foster Studholme of Olean was a Smethport visitor Tuesday evening.

N. C. Parish of Saltsburg is the guest of E. M. Cheesman and family.

Miss Edna Hungiville left Monday for St. Elizabeth's Convent at Allegany, N. Y.

Mrs. Agnes McIntyre returned to her home in Kane on Monday after passing a week with relatives in town.

Miss Lucile M. Hinman left Monday for the Edinboro State Normal School where she is engaged as instructor.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman and daughter attended the funeral of Mrs. Hinman's mother, Mrs. Hill, last Friday at Millport, Pa.

Mrs. William Dietrich and Mrs. John O'Reilly who have been the guests of Mrs. Bisett and Mrs. Barker, have returned to their homes in Pittsburg.

C. J. Vanblad has returned from a trip to his old home in Sweden. The visit was a most pleasant one and Mr. Vanblad looks as if it agreed with him.

Rev. W. A. Harris returned yesterday from Shingle House where he had been attending the 68th session of the Olean District Conference of the M. E. church.

F. T. McCarty who for the past six weeks has been renewing acquaintanceship with friends and relatives in Smethport and vicinity, returned to Sumrall, Miss. Monday.

Excursion to Stony Brook Glen.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern will run a special excursion from Smethport and intermediate points to Stony Brook Glen and return Sunday next, Sept. 16th. Fare for the round trip $1. Train leaves 10:11 a. m. For further particulars inquire of agents or address Jos. T. Odell, Genl. Pass. Agent, St. Marys, Pa., or Chas. H. Hammond, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agt., Olean, N. Y.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle. For particulars inquire of

FRANK W. BACKUS,
605 E. Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

Good building lot opposite depot at Larabee. For further information inquire of

H. W. RUBIN,
Smethport, Pa.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Wednesday, Sept. 19.

SPITZ & NATHANSON
Amusement Company
—PRESENT—
The Big Musical Comedy

THE HARVARD GIRL

ONE DELIRIOUS DREAM OF DELICIOUS DELIGHT.

A Lavish Profusion of Dazzling Effects; Beauty, Wit and Talent.

20 Handsome Show Girls.
10 Funny Comedians 10

Prices:
25c. 50c. 75c. & $1.00

WM. MONHEIMER'S
100 Dozen Pairs of Hole-Proof Hose

Sold since March and only 13 pairs returned to be "made good" and—we DID make good. Ask your neighbors about Hole-Proof Hose, more than likely he wears them now and YOU ought to wear them too! The enormous sale of Holeproof Hose is not only due to its fine appearance but also because it wears longer than any other kind and WE GUARANTEE EVERY PAIR to wear six months without holes If they should need darning bring 'em back and get new ONES. Cost no more than other good hose—25c a pair.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c
ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

Fall Goods are Arriving

This week we place on sale new Fall Merchandise in several lines.

True, summer has a strong grip on us yet but its high time to begin preparations where there's sewing to do and the new things required for the fall re-arranging of the home.

Investigate our showing in the following lines. The assortment are big and substantial savings are easily noted in many instances.

Waists Dress Goods Skirts Silks
Flannelettes Carpets
Linoleum Short Lengths.

A 50c quality in lengths of 1 to 3 yards at 40c per sq. yd.

FRY & COMES

Buy your WAGONS from HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Our wagons are made of the very best material and built in our own shop by experienced men, and they will give you excellent satisfaction. Ask to see them.

We also have some bargains in second hand buggies. If you are in the market for either of these we can interest you.

We have a complete stock of Building Material at all times.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Last Special Sale of the Season

All Summer Goods are now goin at about one-half price to close and make room for the NEW FALL GOODS now coming in.

Don't fail to see these excellent bargains.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case
Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

CLOSING OUT SALE OF DRY GOODS

I have a small line of Dry Goods which will be sold at a great reduction in price.

SALE STARTS ON FRIDAY MORNING

Everything Must Go. Come In.

J. Colegrove, SMETHPORT, PA

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c	Emperor and Puritan 20c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c	Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

An Angel In Disguise

By Virginia Lelia Wentz

Copyright, 1905, by Ruby Douglas

At Twenty-third street Kennard turned dismally from Broadway into Fifth avenue. Saturday afternoon and nothing to do! Thanks to that confounded cotton broker, who couldn't be seen till Monday, he was obliged to remain in town over Sunday. Well, he might as well walk up to his hotel—a constitutional of thirty odd blocks would do him good.

It was the first week in May, and in local swelldom wooden boardings were already beginning to go up and hideous green shades were appearing down the entire length of drawing room windows. Outside the florists' shops tissue papered pots of blossoms still remained, savoring of Easter and April, but the doors stood open revealing a rich vista of bloom against backgrounds of palms. Once Kennard noticed some fashionably frocked women standing within, choosing the best of the season's violets.

"Bah!" he said, deliberately turning his head away and looking at the spires of St. Patrick's cathedral instead. "Why do women all love those foolish flowers?"

Now, once there was a girl, a neighbor of his, down on an old Mississippi plantation, whose eyes in certain lights matched the velvety heart of violets, and often enough down by the bawling Little brook where the colony of violets grew he had told her so. But always it had both her hands to shake her head with a tantalizing little smile and say:

"That's because you write books and are inclined to be poetic!"

Pretty much the same answer she had given, too, that night when the mocking birds were singing in the moonlight and he had laid his love—

"Hello, you!" cried some one in the brightest of voices, suddenly coming abreast of Kennard. "Well, if this isn't luck! Instead of catching the 1 o'clock train today, as usual, I ran uptown on an errand for my wife"—

"Oh, so you have, haven't you?" drawled Kennard, with apparent irrelevancy. "Let's see, sent you a wedding gift from London, didn't I, old man?"

"A beauty, too!" ejaculated Dan Archer. "My wife wrote and thanked

A GIRLISH FIGURE WAS LEANING OVER THE RAILING.

you, I'm sure. But you've never seen her, and you must. Though she isn't very well at present; nervous, lonely and that sort o' thing, you know; has to have a companion. Look here, why not come out with me tonight and spend Sunday? It'll cheer her up, and Sunday's a beastly day in town, you know."

Kennard's protests that it was too short notice for Mrs. Archer, etc., were not accepted, and at 5 o'clock, having spent an hour or so at Archer's club and sent a telegram as precursor, the two men took a train from Jersey City and flew speedily over the country toward a particular little suburban town. A slight drizzle had set in, and the landscape wasn't especially cheerful.

A suburban town on a rainy Sunday! Good heavens, what had he put himself in for? Behind his paper Kennard yawned, recalling gloomily a multitude of jokes at the expense of Sunday suburbanites. Besides, dear old Dan was a Benedict now. Already he fancied he saw the change, and they wouldn't have much opportunity to put together.

"Pshaw," he broke out mentally, dropping his paper and looking out at the whizzing telegraph poles, "another good man spoiled! Why do men want to marry, anyhow?" (Gradually, since that night down on the old Mississippi plantation, when the mocking birds were singing in the moonlight, Kennard had grown to disparage matrimonial blessings and had ceased to write epithalamiums verses).

He found Mrs. Archer a gay, vivacious little creature, pretty with the prettiness of a Dresden shepherdess but, as Dan had intimated, inclined to "nerves" and dependence. They dined alone that night, the three of them. Her companion, it appeared, was suffering from something very unusual for her, a violent headache, and had kept to her room.

"We don't breakfast till 9 on Sundays," announced Dan as they finished their last game, "so you can lie abed as late as you've a mind to, old man. For a commuter it's a relief, I can tell you, from our ordinary 7 o'clock rushed affairs."

The next morning, however, Kennard was up betimes. The rain of the night before had vanished, save for the last light shimmer of silver on the grass and under the almond bushes adroop with their slender pink branches. And such a morning—all scintillating with olive green and gold sunshine!

Kennard stole on tiptoe from his close apartment, which seemed to breed all the fever driven extravagances of an overexcited world into the freshness of the May air. The garden, like the house, was obsequiously awaiting a signal to wake. The flowers seemed still motionless, holding in their perfume that a breath might not disturb the sleepers whom the resplendent rising sun itself could not attract. But beyond the garden, through a hedge of trees where the honeysuckle trickle of song came from the throats of wild birds, a path led to wide awake fields and meadows.

Fowls were crowing, cackling, gobbling, gobbling, in untutored exuberance; calves were bawling outside the milking pen, hungrily bleating at the sight of the usurpation of their rights within; in the pastures the sheep were grazing industriously.

To Kennard as he walked along there seemed to be a vague, expectant quality in the morning. As if, he said to himself, the very freshness and grace of it all were preparing the way for something splendidly alive and debonair!

His path suddenly merged into a little bypath, largely screened by thickets. At the end was a dilapidated summer house, fastened between three trees on a bank overhanging a gurgling stream. A girlish figure was leaning over the rickety railing, apparently looking at the pebbly, variegated mosaic of the stream's bottom. She had thrown off her hat, and her chin was resting in the cup of her two hands. He could see nothing of her profile because of the mass of dark hair coiled over the back of her head.

Not wishing to intrude or disturb the girl's evident reverie, Kennard would have retreated, but at that instant, hearing a twig snap under his feet, she turned.

She felt his immediate recognition and calmly faced him.

"I reckon you are a bit surprised," she admitted quietly. "Well, it's the simplest sort of a story. The old estate down there yielded nothing, and for three years now I've been earning my own living. At present I am Mrs. Archer's companion."

"For three years, Gwendolen?"

"Yes. You've been in England most of that time, haven't you? And you've written several mighty successful books. Oh, I haven't lost complete track of my old friends, you see." There was still that inimitable flash of raillery in the beautiful eyes, Kennard noticed. And still that dear, blessed little smile.

As Gwendolen's glance met the quick flame that spread across the man's opaque pupils all the playfulness went out of her own, and the spirit of thrust and parry went out of her soul. Another spirit, guarded against, often crushed out, leaped in again.

"You—you are still the same old Bob, aren't you?" said she, with adorable incoherence. But Kennard was very grave. He was looking now where the girl had been looking before—at the mosaic bottom of the clear water.

"Yesterday, Gwendolen," he said, "I saw some women buying violets. Ever since I've been haunted by the eyes of a girl I once knew, a girl whom I've tried, oh, so vainly, to forget. Do you remember, dear"—

She made a little impulsive, forward movement, as if to stop his words. He, seeing it, held out both his hands.

And then they—well, all at once she knew that the question he had put to her down in Mississippi when the mocking birds were singing hadn't been a mere poetic sentiment any more than his thought of her eyes had been, and he, for his part, thunderstruck realized that the answer she had given him that moonlight night hadn't been an affirmation.

The morning air was giving Gwendolen Moore the repose and refreshment denied by a sleepless night, but withal she looked pale and a little tired.

"We'll have to change all that sort of thing, sweetheart," Kennard was saying an hour later as they sauntered happily toward the house. "And you were not at dinner last night—you were ill. Was that"—

"Your telegram, sir," she broke in with mock severity, while the dimples went rioting. "Look, there are Mr. and Mrs. Archer coming down the garden to meet us."

"Why, Mr. Kennard, you know Miss Moore?" cried Mrs. Archer foolishly.

"Well, rather. And, Dan," cried Kennard, turning boyishly upon that astounded individual, "you were a brick to bring me out here to spend Sunday. You were an angel in disguise—that's what you were."

Keeping Him a Lover.

Mrs. Sharptongue—D'ye mean to say you've been married ten years an' never had a quarrel with yer husband?

Fair Stranger—That is true, madam."

"An' ye always let him have the last word?"

"Yes, madam. I wouldn't for the world do anything to lessen my husband's love for me. He might get careless."

"Careless?"

"Yes. We are jugglers by profession, and at two performances every day I stand against a board while he throws knives."—New York Weekly.

IN SUMMER IN ITALY.

The Sufferer Know How to Keep Cool in Scorching Weather.

It is in summer in Italy; the hot, white roads radiate heat as do the blank faces of the houses. There is not a soul stirring at this hour except a party of sightseeing Americans; they are evidently mad, for they do not keep in the shade, which, from the Italian point of view, is far more lacking in intelligence than not "knowing enough to go in when it rains."

It is interesting to note that while the summer beats down pitilessly until Italy is seethed in a white heat the death rate from heat prostration is far less in proportion than with us in our more temperate climate, and for the reason that the Italians walk religiously on the shady side of the street, if anything takes them abroad before the cool of the day; and that every man, woman and child for whom it is possible spends the middle of the day in a cool costume indoors.

Fortunately it is possible for the majority, for during the hot weather many factories give two or three hours for the nooning, and that is why our town presents the appearance of a deserted village.

In the latter part of the afternoon the evening breeze springs up and the town awakes and resumes the work which was begun in the early morning. If you happen to dine in the garden of the little Hotel Italia and stroll around the garden after dinner, you may, by following up one of the gravel walks, come upon a sort of out of doors room screened off from the garden by close growing evergreens and shaded by tall trees.

An acetylene gas jet sheds a strong light on a table and there, out of doors in the cool of the evening breeze, a woman is ironing. The irons are heated by two tiny charcoal fires made in earthen braziers, which resemble large square flowerpots. Ammoniata does not need a range standing six feet in its stockings to heat her four irons. It is doubtful if she has ever seen such a range in her life, for, though she is the cook of the hotel, to which is attached a restaurant, and many people take their meals there daily, she uses less fuel in her cooking arrangements than the average American family would use to cook its simple meals.

In the cool of the morning she folded and sprinkled her clothes, did the morning work early and then rested. Now she sings as she works in the fresh evening air. Although people are dining at the stone tables in the garden, she is as remote from them as if she were working in a hot kitchen.

There is a lesson to be drawn from these two pictures, and that is that we Americans are often sacrificed at the altar of our own prosperity, and go through life wearily carrying on our backs a load of modern improvements. —Mary Heaton Vorse in Good Housekeeping.

"Sir" to the King.

The queen is addressed as "ma'am" by all the members of the upper classes, the term "your majesty" being rarely used except on formal occasions. The king, the Prince of Wales and all the other English princes are addressed as "sir." Yet foreign princes and princesses bearing the title of serene highness must not be addressed as "sir" or "ma'am," but as "prince" or "princess."

A letter to the sovereign must begin thus: "His majesty the king," and below the single word "sir." The conclusion of the letter would be worded somewhat as follows: "I have the honor to submit myself your majesty's most humble and devoted servant," etc. A letter to the Prince of Wales should begin thus: "To his royal highness the Prince of Wales," on a lower line "sir," and then the letter would be proceeded with.

When the king and queen play bridge or any other round game money fresh from the mint must be provided, and when any member of the reigning family joins in a game of cards new money is usually supplied.—London Ladies' Field.

Napoleon's Lighter Side.

The London Tribune relates an anecdote illustrating the lighter side of Napoleon's character. It was told by an old lady who knew the daughters of Sir Hudson Lowe. The Misses Lowe were young girls at the time of Napoleon's imprisonment at St. Helena and were sometimes admitted to his presence, when he would chat pleasantly with them. On one or two occasions when in a specially good humor he drew his sword and, gallantly presenting it to one of the girls, said: "Now, young lady, is your chance. You have to kill the Corsican ogre!" He would then throw himself into position and defend himself with his walking stick. Whether from nervousness or sheer mindedness, no hit was ever made, and the great man would then smile and say condescendingly, "Well, ladies, you can now boast that you have fenced with the great Napoleon."

The Cigar In Dutch Courtship.

An Amsterdam journal tells how important a part the cigar plays in a Dutch courtship. The young man in love calls casually at the young woman's house with his cigar out and casually asks for a light. That is a delicate hint, and if he calls again for a light the parents understand what to expect. A family council is held, and the reply is prepared. If on his third call the woosr receives a light, but has the door immediately closed in his face, he understands that he is cold shouldered. If, on the other hand, his suit is welcome, after receiving his light he is invited in, the young woman is presented to him, and he puffs out his declaration through the curls of smoke.

LOVERS' LUCK

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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On a bright May morning as Barry O'Gill was crossing the fields by a well worn footpath, balancing a bag of meal on his back, he caught sight of Moira Nolan washing linen in the little river that brawled its way through the village of Ballymoran. The brook gushed and sang over its pebbles, and Moira's young voice sang with it as her white arms flashed in the clear water. She was on her knees, straight and supple as a willow, her bare feet tucked under her with only the rosy heels showing. The wind caught a strand of her hair and whipped it out till it shone like beaten gold in the sun. Barry paused, dazzled, and gazed at her, his mouth agape, his sack of meal forgotten on his back. Presently the girl was aware of his presence and that he was watching her.

"What are ye gaping at at all?" she questioned.

"At the prettiest girl in all Ireland," said Barry, never taking his eyes from her.

"Sorrow be to ye if your mother knew it," laughed Moira, bending to her work again. "And angry she'd be to find ye here. Ye'd best go back to her."

Barry flushed till his cheeks were redder than his hair. "It's here that I'll stand," he said decidedly, dumping down his sack and seating himself on the grass.

Moira's thrust had been a keen one, for all the village knew that he lived in fear of his mother's tongue. "Shure, it's the sting of a wasp she has entoirely," was the verdict of her neighbors, from whom the Widow O'Gill held somewhat aloof, though now and again she condescended to call on Mrs. Terhune for "a bit of gossip and a dish of tay."

Barry was Mrs. O'Gill's only child and the idol of her heart. Did he so much as look at a girl, Mrs. O'Gill was filled with alarm. So while the other lads lingered about the church steps after mass that they might see their sweethearts, Barry was hurried off homeward by his mother. Therefore it was with a sense of recklessness and novelty that he gave himself up to a talk with Moira. She bade him help her wring the clothes and then laughed at his awkwardness and splashed him with glittering drops. The time went quickly. It was noon before they knew it, and Barry sped home to his dinner and a scolding. Yet he hardly heard the words his mother heaped on him, so engrossed was he with the memory of Moira's gray eyes and the exquisite curve of her lips. Love comes swiftly when one is young in Ballymoran.

He and Moira met often after that, sometimes at the edge of the little river and sometimes on the roads by which the hawthorn hedges bloomed, a mass of pink and green. The more Barry thought of Moira the more he realized that his mother would never consent to his marriage. Moira's beauty was the only dowry the girl had. Of all the poor folk in Ballymoran she was by far the poorest.

Nor was Barry much richer. It was his mother who held the purse strings. Once, in desperation, he thought of giving up Moira, and for three whole days he did not see her. Then quite by accident he met her coming across a field. She was about to pass him with averted face.

"Moira!" he cried brokenly.

At that she turned. She was pale and there were deep shadows under her eyes. All that Barry had kept pent in his heart rushed to his lips, and Moira listened, looking down and plucking at a bit of hawthorn she held in her hand. A lark rose from the long meadow grass near by, and soaring into the air poured out a song that seemed but an echo of the ecstasy that was in their hearts. It was Moira who made the first return to earth.

"Does your mother know of it?" she questioned.

"Divvle a bit," said Barry cheerfully, "and where would be the good o' telling her? She'd niver consent to it in the wide worruld. 'Tis a runaway match we'll have to make, mavourneen. We'll be aither taking a dirip to the next parish and back some foine day."

"But where will we live at all, Barry, darlint?" cried Moira, still troubled.

"Rest aisy," said Barry; "I can make somewhat working in the bogs, and that will give us a bite and a sup. And there's owld McShane's cabin that's been deserted ever since he went to America. Troth, it's a ramshackle place, and there's no denying it! The roof laks, but I can mend it with fresh turf. And though the room is as small as a nut, what a foine view we'll have from the doorway. And if the chimbley is owld and shrackey, after all, 'twill be our own. Arrah, treat to luck, Moira, achree! And lovers' luck, shure, it's the best of all!"

"True for ye, Barry," agreed Moira, and, happy and improvident, they drifted back into their lovers' paradise, and one morning before the first birds were astir and Ballymoran lay in the cool grayness of the dawn they slipped away to the next parish. By the middle of the afternoon they were back again, and all the village knew of their romance.

Mrs. Terhune hastened to bring the news to Mrs. O'Gill, but the latter, pushing forward a chair, did not wait for her to speak.

"Have ye seen aught of my boy Barry?" she demanded. "The lazy gossoon! Gone since morning, and not a bit of work has he done the day, bad cess to him!"

It was a fine opening for Mrs. Terhune, and, sitting on the opposite side of the hearth, she told her story, Mrs. O'Gill interrupting from time to time with passionate ejaculations. "The curse of all the crows upon him! And sorrow to me for having a bowld, deceitful son murthering my heart with his cruel actions! May he niver cross my threshold again! 'Tis a serpint's tooth he is, a serpint's tooth!"

Mrs. Terhune wagged her head wisely.

"He is so," she agreed, with relish, "he is so! The most good for nothing lad in the parish, and he marrying the poorest gurl of it! There's not a boy for miles around but what would have more sense! My children, now, they're foine, clever lads, and, och, woman, dear, it's often I've said to myself I pitied ye having such a great, awkward, shtupid galloot for a son!"

But Mrs. Terhune had ventured too far. While she was speaking Mrs. O'Gill's face had flushed and then paled again. After all, Barry was her own son, blood of her blood and flesh of her flesh, and the mother in her rose, armed. Eyes and voice ablaze, she turned on Mrs. Terhune.

"Spare your pity," she cried breathlessly, "spare your pity! My boy has married where his heart led him, and if the gurl is poor, so much the better. He is not like some I know, who spend their days hanging after the rich. Aye, ye may wince, Bridget Terhune, for ye know what I mean. Clever children, indeed! 'Tis myself that's thankful to heaven that my Barry is not like your jabbering, knockkneed omadhons! 'Twas like ye to come here with your spiteful words, and now, if ye've had your say, ye may take yourself off!"

But Mrs. Terhune had already gathered herself together and was stumbling down the road, muttering as she went. On the way she passed Barry and his bride, walking hand in hand toward the forlorn, tumbledown cabin they meant to make their home. She went by them flapping like a wet hen, and they failed to recognize in her their saving angel. Instead, they looked fearfully ahead to where Barry saw a familiar figure approaching over the crest of the hill, a spare, keen eyed woman with a red shawl about her shoulders.

Mrs. O'Gill faced the culprits grimly.

"'Tis a foine hour for ye to be coming home," she cried sharply. "The supper's been set for the both of ye this long time, and 'twill be ruined entoirely."

She gave Moira a piercing glance. The last light of the afterglow touched the girl's face with a pale glory. "'Tis a slim creature ye are," said Mrs. O'Gill, her voice softening. "When I was a gurl I had bright eyes, too, and the same color o' hair. Ah, heaven be with thim owld times! 'Tis long since I was young!" She turned from them abruptly and went on ahead, leading the way home.

The lovers followed in a happy daze, too overwhelmed to question how such fortune came about. "Did I not tell ye," said the rapturous Barry, "that lovers' luck is the greatest in the worruld?"

This Hat Always In Style.

Fashions in women's headgear come and go in regular cycles, but there is one class of women in this country who stick to one kind of hat through the summer season year after year, with never a thought to the prevailing fashions in other circles of society. These are the "canalers," who invariably are seen in the sunbonnets, no matter what part of the country their homes are about in. Considering that most of the time they live under the awnings suspended over their cabin homes, one would scarcely think all this shade was necessary. But they stick to their favorite hats, nevertheless. It is a curiosity of the taste in headgear of the women who spend their lives working as cooks on the vessels of the great lakes that one rarely sees a sunbonnet among them, and yet awnings on these craft are seldom used. But that is only another evidence of the fact of what variety there is among the eternal feminine.—New York Press.

A Legend of Agincourt.

For many centuries we English have plumed ourselves upon the victory of Agincourt. Indeed it is from King Henry V.'s address to his soldiers on that occasion, as given by Shakespeare, that the motto of this journal is taken, "Familiar in their mouths as household words." But the French have an account of the affair not so much to our credit. It was arranged, according to this fable, by the two leaders that only the nobles on each side were to fight. King Henry V. then artfully ennobled his whole army and hence got the best of the enemy. Shakespeare unwittingly gives a little countenance to the legend when he makes the king declare in the above mentioned address, "He yet is no'ble, this day shall gentle your condition." London Standard.

Getting Into His Place.

When Governor Head was in office in New Hampshire Colonel Barrett, an estimable member of the governor's staff, died, and there was an unseemly scramble of would be successors for the office, even while his body was awaiting burial with military honors. One candidate, somewhat bolder than the rest, ventured to call upon Governor Head, thinking to ascertain the bent of the governor's mind upon the important question.

"Governor," he asked, "not to speak in a manner too positive, do you think you would have any objections if I was to get into Colonel Barrett's place?"

The answer came promptly. "No, I don't think I should have any objections, if the undertaker is willing."

HIS LONG NOSESHIP.

Charles V. and the Merry, Modest Cobbler of Flanders.

Charles V., in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels. He was a prince curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself and his administration. Therefore he often went "incog." and mixed himself in such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night, his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler. Unluckily it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday, and instead of finding the cobbler inclined for work he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintances. The emperor acquainted him with what he wanted and offered a handsome gratuity. "What, friend," says the fellow, "do you know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin's day? Was it Charles V. himself I'd not do a stitch for him now. But if you'll come in and drink to St. Crispin, do and welcome. We are as merry as the emperor can be."

The sovereign accepted his offer, but while he was contemplating their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosted him: "But I suppose you are some courtier, politician or other, by that contemplative phiz. But, be who or what you will, you're heartily welcome. Drink about. Here's Charles V.'s health."

"Then you love Charles V.?" replied the emperor.

"Love him!" says the son of Crispin. "Aye, aye, I love his long noseship well enough, but I should love him much more would he but tax us a little less. But what have we to do with politics? Stand with the glass and merry be our hearts!"

After a short stay the emperor took his leave and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception.

"That," cried he, "you're welcome to, but I would not have dishonored St. Crispin to have worked for the emperor."

Charles, pleased with the honest good nature and humor of the fellow, sent for him next morning to court. One may imagine his surprise to see and hear that his late guest was his sovereign. He feared his joke on his long nose would be punished with death. The emperor, however, thanked him for his hospitality and as a reward for it bid him ask for what he most desired and take the whole night to settle his surprise and ambition.

Next day he appeared and requested that for the future the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot with the emperor's crown upon it. That request was granted, and, so moderate was his ambition, the emperor bid him make another. "If," says he, "I am to have my utmost wishes, command that for the future the Company of Cobblers shall take the place of the Company of Shoemakers." It was accordingly so ordained, and to this day there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders adorned round with a boot and an imperial crown on it, and in all processions the Company of Cobblers takes the place of the Company of Shoemakers.

Our First St. Bernards.

There is a possibility that General Lafayette was the first person to send any St. Bernards to this country. When he returned to the United States in 1824 he apparently met J. F. Skinner, who at one time was assistant postmaster general and afterward edited the American Farmer, Sporting Magazine and other publications. At one time he seemed to have been very much interested in getting good sheep dogs, and in this he was aided by General Lafayette, who, previous to 1830, as near as we can judge, sent him two French sheep dogs and at another time sent two dogs which Mr. Skinner described as "Pyrenean or St. Bernard" dogs and tells of the use made of them at the hospice. As Mr. Skinner was evidently getting sheep dogs, it is more probable that these were Pyrenean sheep dogs. Yet as he particularly mentioned the French sheep dogs as having pointed faces, the others not being so described were likely broader faced and were half breed dogs akin to the St. Bernards. There is still another possibility that General Lafayette may have known of the monks getting outside crosses a few years before and may have stated it in such a way as to lead Mr. Skinner to assume that they were one and the same breed or bred the same way and thus give the dogs he received the double name. Watson's Dog Book.

Sheep In a Theater.

An amusing scene occurred some years ago in a Paris theater during the presentation of "Le Pauvre Berger." It almost fell flat the first night it was played. To give more exactness to the scenery the machinist determined to abandon the "lay" lambs and substitute real ones. Twenty fat and well fed sheep were brought and drilled. At the rehearsals the new "stock company" played their parts admirably, and at the first performance they entered admirably and formed an exquisitely pastoral group around their Corydon, whom they saluted with most tuneful bleatings. The house shook to its foundations with the loud applause. The applause continued, and the sheep became frightened and popped, some into the stage boxes, some over the footlights into the orchestra, and, of course, the whole flock followed their leader. The ladies in the stage boxes shrieked, the orchestra whooped and hallooed to prevent the sheep from tumbling on their violins, and the house roared. The supernumeraries were thrown off after them, but it was an hour before they were caught. The next day they were sent to the shambles and "lay sheep" introduced in their stead.

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STUART BOOM GROWING

Independents In Pittsburg and Philadelphia Declare For Republican Nominees.

EMERY CANDIDACY REPUDIATED

Citizens Party In Allegheny and Many Members of City Party In Philadelphia For Republican State Ticket.

[Special Correspondence.]

Harrisburg, September 11.

Supporters of Edwin S. Stuart, the Republican nominee for governor, and his colleagues on the state ticket, have had gratifying reports from two ends of the state this week.

First, from Allegheny county came the news that the leaders of the Citizens Party, the local reform organization which succeeded in electing George W. Guthrie mayor of Pittsburg, have decided to support the entire Republican state ticket. They propose to confine their independent political operations to local affairs. In the state campaign they will vote the full Republican ticket from Stuart down, and also for all of the Republican candidates for congress.

While State Chairman Wesley R. Andrews has been getting gratifying reports from all of the Republican county chairmen in the interior counties, the state committee leaving the management of the canvass in the counties of Allegheny and Philadelphia to the local organizations, he has not got better news from anywhere than he has received from both these counties.

In Philadelphia, where former Mayor Stuart is best known, a strong movement has been started in his interest among the members of the City Party. Leaders in that party have formed an organization with the view to voting for the Republican state nominees and for Republican nominees for congress.

The chairman of the movement was one of the most active men upon the stump for Berry and the fusion ticket last fall. He was counted upon by the Emery managers to accompany their candidate for governor on his tour of the state. Lincolnite Campaign Chairman Gable was chagrined a few days ago when he learned that this gifted spellbinder is going to speak for Edwin S. Stuart this fall. His name is George W. Sturmer. He is styled "the locomotive engineer orator," and he is very widely known throughout Pennsylvania.

Scheming Leaders Repudiated.

In a public statement, explaining his position to the City Party voters of Philadelphia, Mr. Sturmer, among other things, said:

"The City Party voters are going to confine their attention to local affairs this fall, that is, those of them who are Republicans. They believe that the mixing of state and nation politics in this, a semi-national election, is fraught with grave dangers to the cause of civic regeneration, and if carried further, means the total annihilation of the reform forces next February.

"The ticket nominated by the Democratic party and endorsed by the Lincoln party, which was led by many men high in the councils of the City Party, is not satisfactory to a large proportion of the City Party voters. The election of Mr. Emery, who, while an honest man, would carry into office three Democrats, which, with the present state treasurer, would give the Democrats the preponderance of power in the executive offices at Harrisburg. Suppose Mr. Emery, if elected, should die. The entire state administration of this rock-ribbed Republican state would be in the hands of the Democratic party.

"The present Republican ticket is beyond reproach. Against the character or integrity of any one of them no man can say a word. The head of the ticket is a native and resident of this city, he has been honored by our citizens with the highest office within their gift, and he performed the duties of that high office with all credit to himself and to the full satisfaction of the people. It is not to be supposed that if elected to the office of governor he will fail the people or put a stain on the proud record he now holds."

To Conciliate the Gods.

Just at night, if you happen to be within the gates of Canton, you will witness one of the little performances that are supposed to deceive the prowling spirits of the night bent upon evil intent, the while conciliating them should they penetrate the deception. Each little and big shop possesses a miniature fireplace built into the side of the entrance. Prayers printed on rice paper form the fuel with which to offer up incense to the "bogy man," who is supposed to make the nocturnal visits. Beholding the smoke, he is supposed to assume that no one lives within, and therefore passes by; but should he catch on and stop to investigate he finds that the prayer papers on the altar bear inscriptions attributing to him such virtues and magnanimity that his wrath is appeased and he turns from his evil intent.—Edwin Wildman in Chautauquan.

Dose—One, Dimeful.

"How big a dose do I need?" asked the customer of the old fashioned druggist.

"Oh, I guess a heaping dimeful will be about right," was the reply.

"A dimeful?" echoed the customer. "You mean a dime's worth, don't you?"

"No, I don't," said the druggist. "A dime's worth would be two ounces, and you'd never survive such a quantity as that. I mean for you to take a dime and pile on it as much of this powder as will stick. Then you have the proper dose. Measuring medicine on a dime is a method as old as United States currency and almost as reliable. There are certain powders that can be measured more accurately that way than any other, and among us old timers who have been used to meeting emergencies 'a dimeful' is a common direction."

REFORMERS NO MORE

Men Who Wanted Berry Elected to "Lift the Lid" Now Under Cover.

JAIL GATES AJAR FOR SOME

Emery Gubernatorial Movement Loses Some "Heavy Contributors" and Hot Campaign Orators.

[Special Correspondence.]

Philadelphia, September 11.

A severe blow was given to the men engaged in the campaign of false pretense which has been waged against the Republican party in Pennsylvania for the last few years by the revelations growing out of the disastrous failure of the Real Estate Trust company of this city.

It has developed that some of the heaviest contributors to the campaign funds that have been used to defeat Republican nominees and to promote the so-called cause of "civic righteousness" have been criminally responsible for the failure of this trust company, some of them have actually looted the institution, and there is reason to believe that part of the funds belonging to the depositors which were thus stolen were turned over as subscriptions to the Lincoln and the City Party treasurers.

During the recent political revolution in this city, members of the board of directors of this trust company were the most blatant orators among the "reformers."

They misrepresented the condition of the state treasury and would have every one believe that the commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia were being robbed right and left, that the taxpayers' money was being squandered, and that "the lid" must be lifted at Harrisburg so that all the rascality which they alleged existed in the management of the state treasury could be exposed forthwith.

And Berry "Lifted the Lid."

They demanded the election of William H. Berry, a Democrat to the state treasury, just as prior to the closing of the trust company, they were insisting upon the election of Lewis Emery, Jr., to the governorship, along with his three Bryanite Democratic colleagues, who make up the state ticket.

These "reform" leaders believed that they could continue to fool the people despite the fact that Berry was elected state treasurer and Berry had "lifted the lid" at Harrisburg.

In the lifting of "the lid" Berry showed that the so-called reformers lied when they said the state treasury had been mismanaged and that the funds of the people had not been safeguarded under Republican rule.

Berry has been in office since the first Monday in May last and his official reports as to what he discovered regarding the finances of the state are the best testimonials that can be presented regarding the Republican administration of the affairs of the state treasury.

When Mr. Berry took the oath of office he receipted for the money in the treasury and he made public the fact that he found on hand $14,000,000.

Every penny of the people's money was found and accounted for in the state treasury, and Berry and his co-campaigners in the recent political battles in this state have been silenced upon that issue.

At no time within the history of the commonwealth have the finances of the state been in such good shape. At the end of the fiscal year, November 30 1905, there was a balance in the sinking fund of $3,000,875.80, and in the general fund $8,937,950.79, making a total of $12,938,826.59. The total outstanding indebtedness on that date was $4,181,867.62. Deducting from this the assets of the sinking fund, the net state debt is found to be $123,955.02, considerably less than two cents per capita.

No other state in the union can make such a splendid showing.

But the Real Estate Trust company's directors, who so loudly demanded the election of Berry as state treasurer and who, until the crash came, were just as insistent upon the election of Emery to the governorship, have been removed from the political arena.

One of them, the president of the company, a pronounced Lincoln party man, blew out his brains when he found that discovery of his hypocrisy and iniquity was inevitable.

Others of his board of directors have been summoned to reveal the details of a damnable conspiracy through which the trust company was looted of over $7,000,000.

Some of them may yet find themselves before the criminal courts to answer to an enraged people.

John H. Converse, upon whose name so many depositors banked so largely, owing to his connections with religious and reform organizations, has disclaimed any knowledge of the criminal conduct of officials of the trust company. He has not, however, succeeded in satisfying the people who lost their money that he was loyal to their interests. Instead of protecting their deposits, he was engaged in promoting so-called reform campaigns, espousing the cause of men like Berry and Emery, serving on the "advisory board" of Mayor Weaver, sending big checks to the City Party campaign fund, attending their meetings, denominating public officials and invariably making Republicans the objects of his attacks.

Another of these directors of this trust company, J. Bayard Henry, has been a conspicuous member of the Lincoln party. He was proposed for the nomination of lieutenant governor, but when the Democrats demanded this place he was slated for the Lincoln Party nomination for the state senate. It is needless to say that Mr. Henry will not run for state senator this year.

When the sensational charges were being made against Republican officials, there was none more vicious, none more vindictive among the Lincoln Party leaders than Mr. Henry. He demanded the election of Berry and was to have taken the stump for Emery, but he and other members of his board of directors will be missed from the list of Emery spellbinders.

Stuart Meets the Issue.

The speech of Edwin S. Stuart, the Republican nominee for governor, at the meeting in Lehigh county on Saturday last, in which he demanded that greater protection shall be given depositors in banks and trust companies, has been widely and favorably commented upon. He declared that in the event of his election to the governorship he will urge the legislature to revise the state bank laws, to increase the number of examiners so that there shall be more frequent and thorough investigations of the condition of banking institutions, and that in order that this shall not be an additional burden upon the general taxpayers, he advocated a special tax upon the capital of such banking institutions, to meet the expense of these additional examiners and examinations.

THE SERPENT'S VENOM.

Mohammedan Legend of the Origin of the Tobacco Plant.

The prophet was taking a stroll in the country when he saw a serpent, stiff with cold, lying on the ground. He compassionately took it up and warmed it in his bosom. When the serpent had recovered it said:

"Divine prophet, listen. I am now going to bite thee."

"Why, pray?" inquired Mohammed.

"Because thy race persecutes mine and tries to stamp it out."

"But does not thy race, too, make perpetual war against mine?" was the prophet's rejoinder. "How canst thou, besides, be so ungrateful and so soon forget that I saved thy life?"

"There is no such thing as gratitude upon this earth," replied the serpent, "and if I were now to spare thee either thou or another of thy race would kill me. By Allah, I shall bite thee."

"If thou hast sworn by Allah, I will not cause thee to break thy vow," said the prophet, holding his hand to the serpent's mouth. The serpent bit him, but he sucked the wound with his lips and spat the venom on the ground. And on that very spot there sprang up a plant which combines within itself the venom of the serpent and the compassion of the prophet. Men call this plant by the name of tobacco.—Conte Arafre.

No Wood Over His Eyes.

Uncle Abe, a grizzled old negro, visited a zoological garden. He stood fascinated before a cage containing a chimpanzee and could not be induced to move. After awhile the animal came to the front of the cage and Uncle Abe spoke to him.

"Howdy?" he said. "Howdy?"

The chimpanzee not making any response, Uncle Abe chuckled and winked at him knowingly.

"Dat's right; dat's de way ter do! Doan' you nebber 'gin ter talk. Ef you does white man put er hoe in yer han' en mock yer wuk!" he said.—Harper's Weekly.

He Was at Church.

Saunders, the village slater, was a very poor attender at the church. One day the minister met him and said:

"Come, now, Saunders, why is it you are never at church nowadays?"

"Never at the kirk?" replied Saunders. "Ye're quite wrang there, sir; I spent the hale o' last week on the tap o't."—Glasgow Times.

Is It?

Ethel—Mamma, what makes the lady dress all in black? Mamma—Because she is a sister of charity, dear. Ethel—Is charity dead, then?

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 183, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lewis Hooker did, on the 25th day of January 1906, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, May Hooker.

We therefore command you, the said May Hooker, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Lewis W. Hooker and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lewis W. Hooker, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., September 5, 1906.

James George, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 23, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Gust Nelson did, on the 14th day of December 1905, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Loretta Nelson.

We therefore command you, the said Loretta Nelson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Gust Nelson, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Gust Nelson, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy,

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.

J. E. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 70, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Elizabeth M. Adams did, on the 2nd day of January, 1906, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Orin C. Adams.

We therefore command you, the said Orin C. Adams, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of October next, to answer the petition or libel of Elizabeth M. Adams and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elizabeth M. Adams, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.

A. P. Buell, Elmer C. Anderson, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 124, February Term, 1906

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, James Edward Price did, on the 15th of January 1906, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes there in set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Hattie May Price.

We therefore command you, the said Hattie May Price, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of James Edward Price and show cause, if any you have, why the said James Edward Price, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not

A true copy

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., September 5, 1906.

T. J. Dolphin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 119, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lena M. McDowell did, on the 24th day of January 1906, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause, therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Lena McDowell.

We therefore command you, the said Lena McDowell that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of Lena M. McDowell and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lena M. McDowell, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.

S. W. Smith, Attorney for Libellant.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 14, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, George E. Smith did, on the 12th of December, 1905, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Margaret E. Smith.

We therefore command you, the said Margaret P. Smith that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of George E. Smith and show cause, if any you have, why the said George E. Smith your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff,

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.

T. F. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 125, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Erwin D. Champlin, did on the 15th day of January, 1906, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Effie C. Champlin.

We therefore command you, the said Effie C. Champlin, that setting aside all other ~~business~~ and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of Erwin D. Champlin and show cause, if any you have, why the said Erwin D. Champlin, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.

Eugene & J. P. Mullin, T. F. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 21, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Isabel Courson did, on the 14th day of December, 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Murray T. Courson.

We therefore command you, the said Murray T. Courson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, as a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of Isabel Courson, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Isabel Courson, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.

Thos B. Wilson, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 23, February Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Edith May Hewitt did, on the 14th day of December, 1905, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, David L. Hewitt.

We therefore command you, the said David L. Hewitt, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, 1906, to answer the petition or libel of Edith May Hewitt and show cause, if any you have, why the said Edith May Hewitt, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 5, 1906.

Melvin & Melvin, Libellant's Attorney.

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